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{ From Beginning,
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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

THE OLD ROCKING HORSE.

(IN THE LUMBER-ROOM.)

BY VIOLET FANE.

He stands in the desolate chamber,
Snorting and pricking his ears,
With the dauntless glance
And the spirited prance
That we knew in the bygone years;

For full thirty summers and winters,
From the dawn to the close of the day,
Has he dwelt in this room,
With never a groom,
Or ever a feed of hay.

The roof is so dingy with cobwebs,
The window so coated with grime,
That he only knows
By the caws of the crows
The morn from the evening time.

The mice, in their frolicsome revels,
Sport over him night and day,
And the burrowing moth
In his saddle-cloth
Has never been flick'd away;

It is seldom his desolate dwelling
Ever echoes to human tread,
And its carpetless floor
Is all litter'd o'er
With the relics of days long dead.

What a medley of eloquent lumber
Do his proud eyes lighten upon,
From those drums and flutes
To the high snow boots
And the mouldering stuff'd wild swan!

And the ruinous magic-lantern,
And the bottomless butterfly net,
And the cage for the doves,
And the prize-fighter's gloves,
And the rickety old spinnet!

He must know, this spirited charger,
As he snorts and pricks up his ears,
Why my heart is in pain
As I toy with his mane
And my eyes are half blind with tears;

He must know who slept in that old swing cot,
And who sat in that tiny chair,
And who flew the great kite
That ghostly and white
Leans up in the corner there;

And the bats, and the balls, and the ninepins,
And the boat with the batter'd prow,
Ah, that charger tall
Knows who play'd with them all,
And how sound some are sleeping now!

Yet for all this burden of knowledge
His bearing is proud and high,
With the dauntless glance
And the spirited prance
That we knew in the days gone by;

And in spite of his lonely confinement,
His muscles are firmly strung,
For the passing of time,
That has wither'd our prime
Has left him still fresh and young.

He wears saddle, and stirrups, and snaffle,
And frontlet of faded blue,
And a bridle-rein
On his flowing mane,
And his tail fits on with a screw.

Alas, for the sorrows and changes
Since, mounting this dappled grey,
With whip in hand
To some fairy land
I was speedily borne away!

On, on, to those unknown regions
Where all are so fair and kind!
And away and away
Goes the dappled grey,
And we leave the world behind!

How his stout green rockers are creaking!
How his long tail feathers and streams!
How his whole frame thrills
With "the pace that kills"
As we hie to the land of dreams!

Of those times, so good to remember,
Few vestiges now remain,
Yet, here, to-day,
Stands my gallant grey,
With saddle and bridle-rein;

And I think, as I stroke him sadly,
"For one hour, how sweet it would be
If the women and men
Who were children then,
Could be all as unchanged as he!"

English Illustrated Magazine.

AT SAN SEBASTIAN.*

WHERE San Sebastian's citadel
Keeps watch and ward beside the deep,
The sons of England, where they fell,
Upon the bed of honor sleep,
The rolling waves their passing bell,
The flowery sod their winding sheet.
Brave hearts, that never knew a fear,
For liberty such death were sweet;
Though far from home and England dear,
Methinks your resting-place is meet.

For sleeping thus, 'neath every sky
Where freedom breathes true life in men,
As sentinels your comrades lie
To point the way, to-day, as then,
For God and fatherland to die.

OLIVER GREY.

* On the seaward slope of the citadel of San Sebastian are buried the officers and men who fell in the storming of that fortress by Wellington in 1813. Their graves are in excellent order, and covered with exquisite wild flowers.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.
PASQUALE DE PAOLI: A STUDY.

THE emperor Napoleon the First was for three years of his life a British subject, from 1794 to 1797, when King George the Third of England was also king of Corsica. This addition to the British crown was the work of a remarkable triumvirate, of whom Nelson was the fighter, Elliot the diplomatist, and Pasquale de Paoli the prompter, and, in the end, the betrayer. The project of conquest had for some time been in the air, but it was Paoli who at last persuaded the king and the Toulon Commission to risk an expedition. His motives for doing so were not, strictly speaking, patriotic, for at the time that he called in English aid he was himself in direst need, and to interpose a line of British bayonets between himself and the guillotine was quite as much his object as to secure for his countrymen the benefits of trial by jury.

Pasquale de Paoli was born in 1726. He was the son of the Marquis Hyacinthe de Paoli, a gentleman whose turbulence went so far beyond the usual Corsican impatience of law that, besides maintaining a fierce vendetta all his life with the Marquis Matra, he set on foot a rebellion against the Genoese—who then ruled in Corsica—and succeeded in driving out their garrison. What to do next was not easy to settle, but Paoli ended by inviting a Bavarian baron of the name of Neuhoﬀ to be king of Corsica. The baron, nothing loth, proclaimed himself as King Theodore. He tried to get over the difficulty of the rival factions among his subjects by appointing Paoli and his enemy, the Marquis Matra, twin prime ministers. But this did not quite suit Corsican ideas, and as the baron had no money, and could not get himself recognized by the powers, he found it as well to abdicate and leave his country to the mercy of the Genoese. They promptly re-entered, and Paoli, with his son Pasquale, fled to Naples, where he died.

Pasquale grew up at the court of Naples, where he studied men and manners, and learned all there was to learn at the university. But he never forgot Corsica, and, in 1755, he sailed with a few friends

for the land of his birth, and once more called the people to arms. He succeeded. He was a cleverer man than his father, more fervid and less quarrelsome, and, besides, he knew what he wanted, and was wise enough to cut off the Matras, root and branch, before proceeding to more serious measures. Twin dictatorships were not to Pasquale's taste; neither was he so weak as to call in a foreign king, as his father had done. The Matras, having been piously exterminated, and the Genoese driven out, Paoli made himself dictator of Corsica, and remained so for fourteen years. At the end of this time Corsica changed hands, and the French sent in troops to restore order. Paoli had never had much of an army; his navy was his great strength. He accordingly gave in without a struggle and sailed for Leghorn, where the English consul received him with almost royal honors.

It would have been difficult to receive him in any other way. Though his invasion of Corsica was nothing more than a buccaneering raid, yet for fourteen years he had been a king in all but the name. His government, in a way, had been recognized by the great powers, and he had undoubtedly used his power well. He had reduced the taxes, he had turned a motley band of smugglers and privateers into a nimble and obedient fleet, and he allowed nobody but himself to enjoy the luxury of a vendetta. At the same time he was wise enough not to excite envy by the assumption of a title, and remained plain Pasquale de Paoli. In private life his dress and habits were of the simplest; he held no court, and appointed no officers of state. The great seal of Corsica was kept in a cupboard, and when it was wanted Paoli would send a little boy to fetch it. This pastoral simplicity, allied with so much real power, enchanted Boswell, who travelled in Corsica about that time. "I could have fancied myself in the land of Cincinnatus," he wrote. And Boswell was not Paoli's only admirer. He pleased other and more discerning critics. Alfieri was struck with his resemblance to patriots of the classic type, and dedicated to him the tragedy of "Timoleone."

He came to London, and ten days after

his arrival was presented to the king. The next day the Duke of Grafton, then prime minister, called on him at his lodgings in Old Bond Street. A pension of 1,200*l.* a year was conferred on him, and he was elected a member of Dr. Johnson's club. Pensioned and fêted, the corsair subsided into the diner-out.

Twenty years rolled pleasantly by; but when the French Revolution broke out, Paoli astonished his friends by suddenly starting for Corsica. Upon a motion in the French National Assembly, seconded by Mirabeau, martial law was suspended in Corsica, and a constitution granted. Paoli was elected to the National Assembly and took his seat, resolved, if possible, to play in Paris the part he had so long presented on the minor stage of Corsica. It was daring, but it was not well judged. He was now sixty-four, a man of another time, and it was not given to such as he to ride on the whirlwind of the French Revolution. His Old-World notions of king and Church only made men impatient; the stately periods and measured eloquence of his speeches produced no effect besides the mad harangues of men who might have been his grandchildren. His anger and alarm rose daily, and as he was no coward it soon became known that he was heartily disgusted with what he saw and heard. There could be but one result to this. In the summer of 1792 he fled for his life. He reached Corsica in safety. The French government sent and demanded his head, but in doing this they overreached themselves. In Corsica Paoli was at home. He convened a general assembly of his countrymen, and placed himself in their hands.

The people answered once more to his call. They rose as one man, even the priests bearing arms, drove the Republican troops from the open country, and shut them up in the three seaport towns of S. Fiorenzo, Bastia, and Calvi. Paoli was too sagacious to be blinded by a first success. He had not ruled Corsica for fourteen years without finding out what his countrymen could do and what they could not. They were good for a spurt — none better — or they could maintain a guerilla war; Corsica, like Spain, though easy to

overrun, was hard to conquer. But regular warfare he knew to be beyond them; they were too few and too impatient of discipline. He was trapped. There was yet time to save himself by flight; but if he stood his ground there was but one course open to him — he must find a powerful ally.

It was now November, 1793. A British fleet of fourteen sail was anchored in the Bay of Hyères, only a few hours' sail from Corsica; and officers and men were all thirsting for another fight with the French. There were two thousand regulars on board under the command of General O'Hara, afterwards governor of Gibraltar. The fleet was commanded by Lord Hood, and had been despatched to Toulon for the purpose of seizing the town and proclaiming Louis the Seventeenth. After the capture of Toulon, Sir Gilbert Elliot, the civil member of the Commission, organized a sort of government in the name of Louis the Seventeenth with so much success that "monsieur," — afterwards Louis the Eighteenth — proposed to assume in state the title of regent of France on the strength of it. Elliot did not at once assent, thinking it a little premature, but he managed to sustain his government in spite of a besieging force of Republican troops until Napoleon Buonaparte took charge of their batteries. The young gunner, then twenty-four years old, speedily drove out the English. Four thousand of the inhabitants fled from his vengeance and followed Elliot aboard.

As there was clearly nothing more to be done at Toulon, Hood now bethought himself of an invitation he had received in the preceding September. Pasquale de Paoli had written him a letter imploring him to come and conquer Corsica for King George. He was glad to have it now; it gave him one more chance of a fight. Though over seventy he had all the ardor of forty-five, and he was chafing under his defeat. As for Nelson, who commanded the *Agamemnon*, a sixty-four, under him, he was overjoyed, and Elliot favored the plan also, though not for the same reasons. He was not a fighter, but he had four thousand Frenchmen to feed, and they were costing 150*l.*

a day out of the scanty funds at his disposal.

The two remaining commissioners therefore recommended Paoli's plan to the home authorities, and asked for instructions. The king was quite willing that Corsica should be conquered for him, but as for instructions none could be given. Mr. Dundas thought that, under the circumstances, Sir Gilbert probably knew more about Corsica than he could tell him, and said so in effect, with many flattering expressions of the king's confidence in Elliot's discretion. Sir Gilbert then sailed for Corsica and found that Paoli, though an outlaw from France and actually under sentence of death, was, for the moment, master of the island. He had been again voted dictator, and formally empowered to pledge his countrymen in any way he chose. Never was a man more completely in possession of the hearts and minds of a whole people. An absence of twenty years had not diminished their adoration for him. He was still, literally, their idol. They kissed his portrait when they saw it, and went on their knees even for this act of devotion. To secure Paoli's support was, therefore, to secure the support of all Corsicans. But there was some danger in an ally so powerful; and when he proposed that Elliot should direct the forces of the Commission to erecting Corsica into an independent country under British protection, he flatly declined; such a course would merely mean that England was to conquer Corsica for Paoli's benefit. The dictator then disclaimed any personal ambition, and proposed that Corsica should be added to the domains of the British crown. Had this been his first suggestion it is probable that Elliot would have accepted it unconditionally. But the few days' negotiations had aroused his suspicions, and he now demanded from Paoli the assurance that once the conquest effected, he (Paoli) would retire from political life altogether. This condition was afterwards much dwelt on by the disloyal and meddling officers who did their best to ruin Elliot, as evidence of his harsh and overbearing nature. But the very events on which they founded their accusations proved that it was but an act of

the simplest wisdom, the very least precaution that a wise negotiator could take in dealing with an ambitious, unscrupulous nature. Paoli hesitated. It was not true that he had no personal ambition; in fact, he had no desire left except to gratify his ambition, and if he kept the pledge Elliot required him to give, he must retire into private life, and it was not likely that, at sixty-six, he would have many more chances of distinction. On the other hand, if he declined to give it, he stood between the disgrace of flight and the certainty of the guillotine, and the time for flight was fast slipping by. After all it was only a pledge, so he gave it, and the British attack on Corsica was begun forthwith.

Corsica runs out to the north in a long, narrow neck only twelve miles across. On the west side of this neck is the port of S. Fiorenzo, said by Paoli to be the most important place in the island, on the possession of which the fate of Corsica would depend. On the east side, nearly opposite to S. Fiorenzo and only twelve miles distant, was Bastia. Lord Hood took the post of honor and attacked S. Fiorenzo; Nelson was sent round to lay siege to Bastia. The troops under General Dundas, and afterwards General Abraham D'Aubant, took no part in the fighting. In vain Hood, with something of a sailor's warmth, pointed out that they were part of the forces of the Commission and ought to help in the fight. In vain Elliot, more suavely, wrote to the same effect, and appealed to the traditions of the British army. The commandant thanked them for their polite attentions, rejoined that neither the admiral nor the civil commissioner was, so far as he was aware, a professional conductor of sieges, and declined to "entangle himself" in any operations whatever. He alone, he continued, was responsible for the troops under his command, and he proceeded to ensure their safety by cantoning them around S. Fiorenzo, from which comfortable quarter neither he nor they stirred till after the fall of Bastia.

S. Fiorenzo fell first. On the 11th of February the garrison evacuated the lines and marched unmolested past the British cantonments, across the land into Bastia.

Bastia was a strong place and Nelson's fleet was weak. His ships were undermanned, and there were not enough of them. The tackle was rotten, the rations scanty, and as the army gave him no help the only forces available to complete the blockade on the land side were the Corsicans. Afloat or ashore they were lukewarm allies, and gave many a helping hand to the French. Moreover the garrison, commanded by General Gentili, was strong. Against these heavy odds Nelson fought with a gaiety that was infectious. "If your Lordship will please to send me a couple of gunboats, they would be very useful this fine weather in harassing the enemy," he wrote to Lord Hood. Then in his diary, "When I get them, the inhabitants of Bastia sleep no more." To his wife he wrote, "My men behave splendidly. They are now (I may say it to you) what British sailors ought to be, perfectly invincible. I believe they mind shot no more than peas." Once the *Agamemnon* ran aground, and was got off, rather to Nelson's disgust, without a fight. "I don't think they are the men to have taken the *Agamemnon*," he wrote to his brother, "but they behaved shamefully in not trying."

At one of the French outposts, Maginaggio, Gentili himself was in command. Nelson summoned the place and received for reply, "*Nous sommes républicains; ce mot seul doit vous suffire. Ce n'est point au Maginaggio, lieu sans défense, qu'il faut vous adresser. Si vous allez à St. Florent, Bastia ou Calvi vous trouverez des soldats français qui vous répondront selon vos désirs. Quant à la troupe que je commande, elle est prêt à vous montrer qu'elle est composée de soldats français.*" Upon receiving this defiance, delivered from beneath a cap of liberty hoisted in the market-place, Nelson landed a party of blue-jackets and stormed the post, reserving for himself the pleasure of striking down, with his own hand, the cap of liberty.

This little success had a very good effect on his wavering allies. They tightened the blockade, and in Bastia bread rose to three francs a loaf. Once already had Nelson's bombardment nearly brought about a capitulation, and on the night of the 12th of May his cruisers captured a small boat trying to run his blockade. Among the prisoners was the brother of the commandant, who, however, before his capture dropped overboard the despatches he was charged with. But the tide was unfriendly and floated them to Nelson the next morning. From them he

learned that Bastia was starving. Seven days later Gentili surrendered.

Early in June, eager to get at the next piece of fighting, Nelson sailed for Calvi. In this siege the navy was supported by the army, now commanded by Sir Charles Stuart, an officer who, at any rate, was fond of fighting. It was not too much help. The sun, which had been genial in February, and fierce in June, was deadly in August. All around the town lay marshy land, and in one fortnight of the siege the English lost fifteen hundred men with fever. The work, too, was very heavy. "By computation to this night," wrote Nelson on the 13th of July, "we may be supposed to have dragged one 26-pounder, with its ammunition and every requisite for making a battery, upwards of eighty miles, seventeen of which were up a very steep mountain."

When the siege had already lasted a month, five out of six guns in the advanced battery were knocked to pieces in a night. Hood was prostrate with fatigue. Stuart was down with fever. Only Nelson's wiry frame could bear up against the climate and the work. "I am here a reed among the oaks," he said. "I have all the diseases there are, but there is not enough in my frame for them to fasten on." On the 12th of July a ricochet shot drove some sand into his eye and blinded him. "I got a slap in the face the other day," he wrote, "for which I owe the enemy one, and mean to repay them ere long." He was soon out of their debt. Nelson, it is true, was the only officer left fit for duty on the side of the besiegers, but Nelson, even with one eye knocked out, and racked with ague, replaced them all. After three armistices Calvi surrendered, and the garrison with two guns marched out with the honors of war. If the siege had lasted another fortnight, the French must have won; as it was, only four hundred men were left fit to march in.

Before the fighting was over the civil arm had completed the annexation and proclaimed George, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, Ireland and Corsica, King.

After his bargain with Paoli at Murato, Elliot travelled on to Corte, a village in the centre of the island and, although containing no more than two thousand inhabitants, the capital of Corsica. The General Assembly was summoned, and met in June. Its first measure was to formally recite the iniquities of the French, and to declare the absolute and irrevocable separation of Corsica from France. The next step was

to draft a constitution. This work was allotted to a protégé of Paoli's, a young man of great talent, afterwards French ambassador at St. James's, Count Carl' Andrea Pozzo di Borgo. Born at Alala near Ajaccio in 1764, he had grown up in the intimacy of a family of boys somewhat younger than himself — the Buonapartes. The ambition of every young Corsican of that time extended no further than to serve Paoli, and when the deliverer reappeared after an absence of twenty years and, passing over the two older Buonapartes, already young men, chose as his associate the soberer and maturer Pozzo di Borgo, Napoleon's wrath and jealousy knew no bounds. When Pozzo stood as municipal councillor for Ajaccio, Napoleon stood against him. Pozzo was likely to win, for he spoke well, and Napoleon was always a poor orator. But these advantages weighed nothing against the younger man's impetuous resolve. Discarding the constitutional forms of an election, he cut short Pozzo's chances by having him pulled off the platform by his legs. Napoleon won the election, but he made of Pozzo a lifelong enemy. He himself soon tired of Corsican politics; he plotted to restore the sway of France, was detected and fled for his life. He entered the army of the republic and left the parish politics of his native country to Pozzo di Borgo.

Pozzo, then, as secretary to the General Assembly, drafted the Constitution of Corsica. It provided for an elective assembly, trial by jury, and toleration of all creeds. It contained a civil and criminal code, and established the dynasty of George the Third. It contained some curious provisions, one being a fine of two hundred francs for a member of parliament neglecting to attend the session when duly summoned, and also fixed the quorum for government business at the very high percentage of one-half of a house of two hundred members.*

The Constitution was read three times in the General Assembly, and passed on the 21st of June, 1794. Paoli was hailed the father of his country, and a marble bust was voted to him. The crown was offered to Elliot, who accepted it in the king's name, and the Assembly then broke up until the first election.

Under the constitution the king's power was to be exercised by a viceroy, resident in Corsica, and the question every Corsican was now asking himself and his neighbor was, who would the viceroy be? Paoli

was eager to get the appointment for himself, and was plotting to secure his nomination in direct breach of his pledged word to Elliot. Although he had made several attempts to re-enter public life, he had hitherto been thwarted by Elliot's intimation that if he persisted, the English troops should be at once withdrawn. There does not appear to be any excuse for Paoli's conduct. There was nothing in the pledge that Elliot exacted that was dishonorable, and it had been given as the consideration for help that saved Paoli from the necessity of choosing between a dishonorable flight and the guillotine. But his restless, grasping spirit could not endure that any one but himself should wield power in the land where he had so long been supreme. In six months he had forgotten the straits from which he had been delivered and was deep in the plot to overturn Elliot.

He had not a great following at first. The Corsicans, though not conspicuous among nations for steadfastness, were not as yet capable of such agile perfidy as their leader. But Paoli's influence was considerable, and when the General Assembly broke up and Paoli went to the hills to take the waters Elliot thought it as well to follow him.

They stayed together in the convent of Orezza. It was quite impossible to concert any plans with Paoli, whose ideas of business, even when he was honest, were loose and wandering; but Elliot and he had many long and outwardly friendly talks in the long, cool corridors of the convent, while the last shells were bursting in Calvi.

Corsica was further from London then than India is now, and the appointment of viceroy was not a matter to be hurried, so Paoli's suspense lasted a long time. In October it was at last put an end to; Elliot was appointed.

The post of viceroy of Corsica was a great one, being at that time certainly the most considerable in the British Empire after Ireland and Bengal, and the salary was fixed at 8,000*l.* a year. Elliot had recommended that it should be bestowed on some great English noble; the Duke of Northumberland being suggested. The only course that he had strenuously deprecated was the appointment of any Corsican; inasmuch as, after the first term had expired, every Corsican gentleman who was not appointed in succession would consider himself personally affronted. Paoli's services were, at the same time, recognized in the most flattering manner. A pension of 1,000*l.* a year was

* Costituzione del Regno di Corsica, Tit. iv., art. 2.

bestowed on him, and the king sent him his portrait set in brilliants and hung on a gold chain, as a mark of his personal regard. This was the first time that George the Third had shown so great a mark of his favor to any one not royal, and if anything could have soothed Paoli's wounded vanity it should have been these great attentions. They were conveyed by the viceroy himself, with that prompt courtesy and geniality from which not even the certain conviction of Paoli's treachery could persuade him to depart.

But Paoli was mad with jealousy and spite. He now threw off the mask completely. He retired to Rostino, his birth-place, a small town to the north of Bastia, and founded a cave of Adullam there. He entered into correspondence with the French, so lately his bitterest enemies, and dubbed himself "citoyen."

The viceroy of Corsica had his hands full. The island had only two hundred thousand inhabitants, and was surrounded by enemies. France, of course, was hostile, Genoa claimed the island, and so did the pope. The furious hatred of the Barbary States, who were at that time all-powerful in the Mediterranean, nearly ruined the Corsican fisheries, and sometimes threatened to culminate in an invasion. This was on account of the national flag, a Moor's head on a silver field; and Elliot thought it politic to change the flag and add a motto from Dante, symbolic of the British alliance. But this was an unfortunate miscalculation. The Corsicans had no particular reverence for their national flag, and know nothing of Dante, but they cordially detested their enemies. Their coral trade, which the Barbary corsairs half ruined, was certainly very lucrative, but they preferred that it should pay them less, and bring them the chance of a fight now and then. The change of the flag, therefore, produced an unfortunate effect of weakness. Moreover, it entirely failed in its object, for the British treasury had to find 40,000*l.* as ransom for the Corsicans taken captive during the brief period of our rule.

A similar blunder was made when parliament was summoned at Bastia instead of Corte. Bastia was a large and important town, with fourteen thousand inhabitants, and was far more convenient than Corte; but the inconvenience of close quarters was not of the kind likely to be much felt by Corsican members of parliament.

On the other hand, Corte was the ancient capital; and for the Corsicans, a pas-

toral and half-civilized people, impatient of change, that was everything.

The pretensions of Genoa to the sovereignty of Corsica might be considered as merged in those of France; for the serene republic was already occupied by the French. The papal claims were more serious; not because they had more foundation, but because Elliot wanted Pius the Sixth to help in re-establishing the Corsican Church—a delicate task for a Protestant viceroy. The claim seems to have been put forward chiefly with the object of opening diplomatic relations with St. James's. However, the difficulties were all surmounted, and the primate of Corsica presided in the second Corsican parliament.

In the mean time the army and navy, after the great exertions they had gone through, were in an unpleasant state of depression. Of the army, only one thousand men were fit for duty, and Elliot congratulated himself that there were so many. But the fleet, which had taken the lion's share of the fighting, was even worse off. The crews were two thousand men short. They were positively using condemned sails and cordage, and the vessels were unfit to fight or even to leave harbor. A naval engagement or a gale would have left Corsica defenceless. It was in vain that Elliot asked for more ships and men; he could get none; nor could he even get gunpowder, but had to procure it in dribblets from Leghorn or Naples, as best he could.

Perhaps in their entire ignorance of continental politics the home authorities might be excused for thinking that Nelson and Moore with fourteen sail of the line and one thousand regulars were fit to cope with any army or navy likely to be sent against them. Such a force could not be thought contemptible, though certainly inadequate. At the same time, Elliot's errors of administration were not in themselves mistakes of a fatal kind, and could have been easily remedied. They were amiable mistakes of the kind often made by the English in like cases—giving the people improvements that we think they ought to want rather than those they really do want.

What ruined the English rule in Corsica was not the weakness of the army, not the faults of the administration, but the persistent malignity of Pasquale de Paoli. After having, in the most solemn manner, pledged his word to Elliot to support his administration, he no sooner learnt that he was not to be viceroy, than

he sought our ruin by every means in his power — not stopping short of the foulest.

No man was too lowly for him to win, no man too lofty for his matchless powers of intrigue to corrupt. He promised every man his heart's desire could he but get back to power. Every corporal was to be a colonel, every shepherd a privy councillor; but nothing could be done until Elliot was got rid of. Every day, therefore, he sent forth a fresh crop of libels from Rostino. When parliament was summoned to meet at Bastia, this was an insult to the noble old capital Corte. The king's portrait, through whose fault it never transpired, was lost on the journey. Forthwith Paoli proclaimed that the grasping viceroy had pocketed it for the sake of the diamonds. No slander was too foul or too ridiculous for him to repeat, and his agents industriously whispered them in London; but there they only got laughed at for their pains. In Corsica, however, it was no laughing matter, as Elliot soon found. In six months the Adullamites numbered half the population; in a year Pozzo di Borgo could not venture forth unguarded, the king's writ could not run, and acts of parliament were publicly burned. The climax was reached in August, 1795. At Ajaccio the viceroy gave a ball, the preparations for which were left in the hands of Simon Colonna, a young Corsican noble and aide-de-camp to the viceroy. It passed off successfully, but a few days later a petition was put into the viceroy's hands which, besides the usual seditious nonsense manufactured at Rostino by Paoli's own hands, contained the remarkable statement that "the wicked Simon Colonna has had the audaciousness to lay his parricidal hands on the most respectable statue of the common father of the country."*

The viceroy's camp was hardly safe from insult; the whole country-side rang with the news that Simon Colonna, some said Pozzo di Borgo, some even said the viceroy himself, had publicly dashed Paoli's statue to the ground. As Elliot had recently, with great pomp and ceremony, unveiled the marble bust to Paoli that the General Assembly had voted him, he felt this to be a particularly unhandsome slander. He returned to Ajaccio, and proceeded to the ball-room where, sure enough, there was a bust of Paoli; not, however, dashed to the ground, but on a pedestal, and showing no signs of vio-

lence. The microscope disclosed no injuries to the bust except a piece gone from the back of the head about the size of a sixpenny-bit, and one, rather smaller, from the nose. It was true that Simon Colonna had put his hands on the bust; he had moved it from the ball-room, where it was not safe, to a room behind, where it was. All this the patient viceroy detailed at great length to the Duke of Portland, and then he sat down to think.

It had come to this in twelve short months, that the peace of the nation hung on Paoli's words, and it was in his power to disturb it by such trifles. The viceroy must needs spend his days in corresponding with the minister over malicious absurdities that would not disturb a well-ordered nursery for five minutes. Elliot had borne much. He had endured the most cruel slanders on himself, he had endured to see his most trusty officers seduced, and even the army tampered with. As he sat down to write his resignation, Colonel Moore was actually staying at Rostino, a guest of the exulting Paoli. Elliot had laughed as long as it was possible, but now that the whole country was convulsed with a silly falsehood, it was plain that a people capable of being so moved were not only false and riotous, they must also have lost all sense of humor. Elliot therefore wrote and said that under his Majesty's command he would stay in Corsica until his successor was appointed, but he prayed to be delivered as soon as might be from "this country of shabby politics." However, if his Majesty approved of his work, Paoli must go, and so must Colonel Moore. Moore was the chief of the Paolist party among the English. An inquisitive and wrong-headed man, he had been foremost among the sneerers at Nelson and Hood. He carried Stuart over with him into Paoli's camp, so much so that the commander-in-chief was induced to dispute Elliot's right to appoint his own aides-de-camp. The letter written, Elliot let its contents be known, and, quitting his genial publicity, withdrew into a silent and haughty retirement. The effect was magical. All disturbances subsided, the flow of seditious petitions stopped, the fountain of slander ran dry. The men who had betrayed Elliot to Paoli now betrayed Paoli to Elliot, and protested they had been well-affected all along. One by one stragglers dropped off from Adullam. Even Paoli grew anxious and redoubled his attentions to the French at Genoa.

For two months this state of things

* Lo scelerato Simone Colonna ha avuto l'ardire di porre le mani parricide nella rispettabilissima Statua del comune Padre della Patria.

lasted. The viceroy took no steps to put down the virtual insurrection of several villages; and on their part the malcontents and insurgents remained inactive. Late in September the Duke of Portland's answer reached Corsica. After what had passed it would have been painful, and perhaps hardly possible, for Elliot to meet Paoli. Frederick North, the viceroy's right-hand man, therefore invited him to the inn of Porte Novo, a few miles from Rostino. They met at nine o'clock in the morning on the 5th of October, and for six hours Paoli endeavored to find out what was the purport of the despatch. He declaimed and gesticulated while he paced the inn, now tirading on liberty in general, and now on Corsican politics in particular. The impassive North confined himself to such trenchant questions as how Paoli justified his attempt to seduce the British troops, or his orders to the villagers of Farniola not to allow a judge appointed by Elliot to enter their village. Otherwise he did not interrupt except when Paoli referred to Elliot's government as a nest of traitors, which was a surprising comment, coming as it did from a man outlawed for treason by France and notoriously a traitor to England. At three in the afternoon Paoli took his leave, convinced that Elliot was not empowered further than to invite him to return to England.

He was joined outside by his panic-stricken suite, who had passed the long hours breakfasting in an inner room. They had cause for alarm. As the old man rode slowly home under the olive-trees they told him a story that filled him with consternation. They had been joined at breakfast by Colonel Moore. He, too, had been invited to England, but his invitation came in rougher terms than Paoli's. He was ordered to leave in twenty-four hours, the materials for his court-martial to be collected by Elliot in his absence. This was a heavy blow to Paoli, and caused a sensation throughout the island. Moore had succeeded Sir Charles Stuart as the head of the English party (the new commander-in-chief, General Triggs, not having a turn for intrigue). If he was thus publicly disgraced, what measures might not Elliot be empowered to take against Paoli? As a matter of fact, Elliot was not empowered to take any, or to do more than invite him to go to England; but North had been mysterious and silent, and on the whole he thought it best not to let the day of grace pass by. His letter, accepting the

king's invitation, reached the viceroy just as he and North had written the orders to the troops to advance on the disturbed districts. These orders would now happily be unnecessary. In one of the viceroy's own carriages, and attended by the viceroy's aide-de-camp, Pasquale de Paoli travelled to S. Fiorenzo and embarked with full military honors. True to the last to his habits, he made a speech from the plank joining boat and shore. He was going, he said, to lay the grievances of the Corsican people at the foot of the throne. Elliot would be removed, and he himself would return in the spring with Stuart, who had been so long working for Corsica in London. The last sentence was a pure fabrication. Stuart, though a good soldier, was narrow and prejudiced. He disliked Elliot and showed his dislike unwisely; but he was a gentleman and not a spy.

Elliot wrote of Paoli: "He is more regardless of truth than any man I ever met with. He seems totally incapable of truth, honor, or good sense, even in those actions which are useful." Pasquale de Paoli was treated most indulgently. His pension was continued to him, and he lived a retired life till 1807. He was buried in St. Pancras cemetery, whence his remains were removed to Corsica with some ceremony in the summer of 1889. A bust by Flaxman was put up to his memory in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey.

Moore, on the other hand, was refused his travelling allowance, which amounted to 113*l.*, but he was too good an officer to be spared long. Soon after his disgrace he was made governor of Jamaica. He commanded a division in the Peninsula, and earned by his one battle of Corunna a fame second in most English ears to the Duke of Wellington's only. An elaborate monument, representing his burial, was erected to his memory by the south door of St. Paul's Cathedral.

In Corsica matters were improved by the removal of the two conspirators. Parliament met for the second and last time, and passed, among other useful measures, an act abolishing trial by jury, with the following frank preamble: "Considerando che l'istituzione del Giurato ha favorita fin' ora l'impunità dei delitti." The fable of the broken bust died a natural death, and though secret sedition was rife, the land was outwardly at peace with its rulers. If the ministry had at this juncture realized the potential importance of this stronghold placed between France and Italy, the history of the next twenty years

might have been changed. A small army in the island, and a strong fleet under Nelson commanding the open sea, would have been formidable obstacles to the conquest of Italy. But it was not to be.

Elliot stood despairingly to his post, but on this expedition, while the civil arm was directed by a firm and sagacious statesman, and the fleet was commanded by such as Hood and Nelson, it was the fate of the army to be led first by Dundas, who would not fight; then by D'Aubant, who would not fight; then by Stuart, who fought well, it is true, but did his best to rob England of the fruits of his victory; and finally by Trigge, who also would not fight. In March, 1796, there were disturbances in the south of the island. The troops sent to deal with them were too few; the insurrection spread, and when Trigge was ordered to suppress it he refused to march; when urged, he resigned the command. A substitute was found in Colonel Villette, who at Elliot's urgent summons, hurried home from Venice, where he was on sick leave. On the 20th of May the viceroy took the field and camped the first night at Vivario, fifteen miles out of Corte. With the first streak of dawn came a messenger bearing the news that hardly had the king's troops left the capital when the convent bell of Orezza rang to arms. All that day it rang, and all the night. The messenger had with difficulty found his way through the bands of insurgents who were pouring down from the hills and had invested the capital. Villette pushed on, keeping ahead of the news of the revolt, reduced the rebels at Bogognano, and then turned back to Corte. He relieved the blockade, and the rebels, seven or eight hundred strong, took up a position at Bistuglio. They demanded that all taxes should be repealed, and that Pozzo di Borgo and the other ministers who remained faithful to the English should be dismissed. To accept such terms was to reduce the English rule to an absurdity. But to refuse them would only have brought about useless bloodshed; and as Elliot was now sure that the ministry did not mean to support him, he accepted.

It was indeed high time for us to go if we did not mean to hold our own by force of arms. In July, 1796, the Duke of Portland wrote: "In the present state of Europe there is not a possibility of adding a single man to the strength of your army," and by the next mail the 100th Regiment, still eight hundred strong, was ordered from Corsica to Gibraltar, a measure

which left the viceroy almost defenceless. For a month past he had had to send his letters to England by Barcelona, the route by Ancona being closed by the French troops. Naples was the only port friendly to us in the Mediterranean. Spain was on the brink of declaring war, and the Spanish and French fleets united would number forty sail to our fourteen. Genoa fired on our flag, and the Holy See, having secured the re-establishment of the Corsican hierarchy, now looked coldly on the English. It must have been with a sense of relief from a hopeless and thankless task that Elliot received, late in September, his orders to evacuate Corsica. Within a month the English were gone. By a cruel irony of fate it was Nelson who was directed to superintend the evacuation.

To the Corsicans who remained to the last true to King George an asylum was offered either in Canada or the Bermudas, but the suggestion was coldly received. For Pozzo di Borgo, whose private means were only 30*l.* or 40*l.* a year, and who had carried his life in his hands for years in our service, Elliot tried, unsuccessfully, to get a pension of 300*l.* a year.

After many years, passed in vain but ceaseless plotting against Napoleon, he at length struck a blow at his power which avenged him for the day when Napoleon had him pulled off the hustings by his legs. The defection of Bernadotte was solely the work of Pozzo di Borgo. He entered Paris with the allies, and was afterwards made French ambassador at St. James's. He died at Paris in 1842.

Elliot was granted a peerage for his services. He died in 1814, and was buried in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey.

WALTER FREWEN LORD.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
THE BLUE ROSE.

"YES, your grandfather he was one o' the old sort—honest as the day, as the sayin' is, an' well brought up, if he wasn't allus easy to live with—an' that set on the truth, an' that pertickler—well, if it 'adn't a bin for 'im bein' that pertickler, you gells would a 'ad a red-'aired woman to your granny instead o' me."

A smile went round the tea-table; Mrs. Minver's grandchildren nodded, and looked at me—you know the look when there's a story in the air and you're expected to ask for it. But I was too shy.

It was my first visit to Myrtle Cottage. Lottie Minver and I were both serving our time with Miss Ellends (*Modes et Robes*), and I was only sixteen then.

"A red-haired woman," Mrs. Minver went on, "an' that would a' been a pity on all accounts, for 'e was a fine man as ever I see, an' me bein' no slip of a chit — 'is sons all measured over their six foot — an' all bin measured too."

She sighed, and looked out through the open door at the narrow strip of back garden where scarlet runners and stocks and reluctant sunflowers had been coaxed to grow. We were having tea in the kitchen. The table was covered with brown oilcloth. The cups were white with mauve spots. We had cresses for tea, and winkles, because it was Sunday.

"A fine man 'e was to be sure," she went on. "That's 'is portrait as 'angs to the right o' the parlor chimley piece, just over the crockery lamb yer Aunt Eliza give me the very last fair day afore the Lord took 'er. A fine figure of a man he was, my dears, an' much sought after, but mighty pertickler. An' so 'e married me."

Mrs. Minver smoothed her black alpaca apron complacently.

"What was it about the red-haired young lady?" I asked.

"Ah! that's a tale, an' it just shows 'ow careful a gell should be when she's courtin'."

This sounded interesting.

"Do tell us the tale," I urged.

"Oh! it's nothin' much to tell," said Mrs. Minver, but she settled herself against the cushions of her Windsor chair and stroked her left mitten with her right hand, in a way that promised.

"Come, granny, tell Lily about the blue roses."

"'Old yer tongue then, till I can get a word in hedgeways! Blue roses indeed! Spoilin' a story afore it's begun! Well, you must know, young lady, as I was brought up in the country — a reg'lar Kentish apple I was, my man useter say. Our home was in Kent, down among the cherry orchards. We 'ad a nice little orchard oursel's, an' our 'ouse it was a wooden 'ouse, all built o' boards-like, not bricks like you see 'em 'ere. An' there was a big pear-tree, as went all up one side of the house — one branch right and one left — even-like, for all the world like a ladder. We useter pick the pears outer our bedroom winder, me and my cousin Hetty did. Jargonels they was, an' a sight sweeter than any as goes to market nowa days.

"Our garden it wasn't much of a one for size, but for flowers — there! it was a perfect moral — cram full it was — all sorts — pinks an' pansies an' lilies, roses, jassermine, an' sweet willies, an' wall-flowers an' daffies and spring flowers, which is my favorites outer all the flowers."

"What are spring flowers?"

"They're a reg'lar old-fashioned flower — gels used allus to have 'em in their gardens long afore you was thought of, nor me neither. Like wallflowers they be, summat, only pink an' yellor, an' only one on a stalk, an' soft like velvet, an' smelling like honey they did. I haven't seen none o' them since I come to live in Bermondsey."

"Well, our little wooden 'ouse it stood on the hill, an' as you come up, whether 'twas by the road, as was white an' windin', or whether 'twas by the shorter way through the medders an' the hop-garden, the first you see of our 'ouse was the white rose-tree. It clomb all over the side of the 'ouse — not the side where the pear-tree was, but the other — there was no windows that side the house — and the rose clomb all along — and blow! it did blow that rose did. Pearl-white the roses was, or what you might call blush-pink, and hundreds of 'em. It was quite a picter. Well, one fine summer every rose as come on that tree wasn't white nor blush-pink any more, but *blue* — a darkish blue at the edges and paler to the middles. Not pretty? Well, p'raps not; but I tell you there never was such a fuss made over any rose as you'd call pretty as there was over that blue rose. Parson, he was always comin' down to see it, an' bringin' his friends, from London sometimes; an' the gentry they drove in their carriages to see our blue rose; an' the tradesmen an' grocers they come in their carts from far an' near, an' they said: 'Well, it was a novelty.'

"An' they said it would surely take the prize at the flower-show. But it was Hetty's rose-bush. Father'd give it her when first she come to live with us. She come quite little, and she cried at the strange place, an' all she took to was the white roses. So father he give her the bush — an' next year father 'e died — about cherry time it was.

"So when they said that about the prize, Hetty said she didn't care about prizes an' flower-shows an' things. It was quite enough to 'ave such a rose-tree for 'er very own.

"The next year the roses come blue

again, an' every one come more 'n ever to look, an' the grocers an' people with carts they come from far an' near, for they said it was a novelty.

"But mother, she was rather quiet-like, an' she didn't say much about the roses; an' one day when she an' me was makin' up the bread — just our two selves, in the back kitchen — she says to me, —

"'Addie,' she says (my name's Adelaide), 'about them blue roses now. If it wasn't that I don't like to think o' a child o' mine bein' up to such tricks, I should say as you or Hetty had been a' borrowed o' my blue-bag.'

"'Your blue-bag, mother!' says I. Hard work I had to keep my face, for Hetty she was makin' faces at me through the winder.

"'Yes, my blue-bag,' mother says, lookin' at me very straight.

"'Why, aunt,' says Hetty through the window, 'if it was the blue-bag, how would all the roses be the same? An' wouldn't it all wash off in the rain? An' you know it's always brighter after a shower,' she says. 'Besides, would we do such a silly thing if we could, an' keep it up so, an' all? We might do it onst or twice,' says she.

"'There's summat in all that,' says my mother, goin' on with the bread. 'I misdoubt me it's age turns the roses blue, like it turns folks' hair white. The rose was allus a pearly white or what you might call a blush-pink afore.'

"An' the grocers an' people with carts they come from far an' near to see the rose-tree, for it was a novelty, ye see.

"Says I to Hetty that night after I'd said my prayers an' read my chapter — for I was always properly brought up — 'Hetty,' I says, 'fancy mother saying that about the blue-bag!'

"'Yes, fancy!' says Hetty, laughin' — an' she snuffs out the candle with 'er fingers an' jumps into bed. 'I ain't agoin' to 'ave my blue roses run down neither. Why, I'm a-goin' to take the prize at the flower-show — I am, with my wonderful blue roses!'

"An' sure enough she told parson the very next day as she would try for the prize at the flower-show.

"It was just about that time she took up with George Winstead. Yes, 'im as come to be your gran'father instead, an' is lyin' in his grave at Long Malling this twenty good years. Well, they kep' company together, an' every one was willin', for he was a godly young man an' taught in Sunday-school, an' had good hopes of his

uncle's business, which it was a corn-chandler's in Medstone, an' she was a well-lookin' girl enough for all her red hair, which was made fun of then, though I hear it's all the rage nowadays. I never see a girl so took up with a chap as she was with him. She give up curlin' 'er air acause he liked it plain, and she took to readin' the Bible and sayin' her prayers (like I'd allus done, and she'd allus laughed at me afore for it). Why, I've seen her kneel there over 'alf an hour, and then get outer bed again when she thought I was asleep and kneel down on the bare boards by the winder an' cry an' pray an' say, 'George, George,' an' pray again, not out loud, but so as I could 'ear 'er. Not proper prayers she didn't say like people gets taught, but things outer 'er own 'ead, an' the same things over an' over, till I useter say, —

"'Come along ter bed, Hetty, do, for gracious sakes. You'll catch your death o' cold on them boards, an' I'm a-droppin' with sleep.'

"Well, as flower-show day come nearer an' nearer, she grew stupider an' stupider, an' more an' more given to prayin', an' used to be all for goin' off by herself and leavin' everything to me — even to makin' our dresses for the flower-show an' lookin' after them roses what was to take the prize. I did it all, a' course — I was allus called a good-natured girl — an' the dresses they looked lovely, an' the roses was bluer than ever, instead o' being a pearly white or a blush-pink, like they should ha' been by rights. An' Hetty she prayed an' cried o' nights till I wonder I ever got a wink o' sleep, an' of a day she'd laugh till she nearly cried again. Well, flower-show day come, an' we 'ad our new sprigged prints — gowns was wore short in the waist then — an' Hetty she looked like a ghost in hers, but they did say mine became me wonderful.

"It was a beautiful day I remember, very sunny an' bright, an' you was glad to walk the shady side o' the way that day, I can tell you. Very hot it was in the big barn where the flower-show was. 'Twas all done up fine with flags an' wreaths an' all sorts, an' it was that hot the flowers was most wilted afore it come time for the prizes. An' every one was wipin' their faces with their 'andkerchers, an' saying there hadn't been such a day this twenty year.

"When it come time for the prizes we was all settin' on forms packed close like herr'ns. Mother was there of course, an' George an' his friends, an' Hetty sat

nexter me, an' George—that's your gran'father—was settin' the other side of her. An' she kep' edgin' away from him an' getten' close to me, an' crushin' my new print, not to mention 'er own, an' she kep' on 'oldin' my 'and that tigh I didn't know 'ow to bear myself, an' I never see a bonnet with pink ribbons look worse on any young woman than it did on her. Mine always suited me. I 'ad it done up with blue the year I was married.

"Presently it come to roses. The barn was full—all the gentry an' the parson an' his friends an' the grocers an' people with carts 'ad come from far an' near.

"Well, the gentleman what was giving out who had got prizes, he takes up the bunch o' blue roses (I'd done 'em up nicely with a white ribbon, for Hetty was in one of her queer fits an' wouldn't touch 'em), an' he says,—

"Hetty Martin —"

"Hetty jumped on her feet. I *felt* what she was a-goin' to do, an' I tried to hold her down, but no. She shook her arm clear o' me, an' she called out in a kind o' sharp, shriek voice as you could a' heard a mile off,—

"Don't you go for to give *me* no prizes," she says. 'It's all a lie—them roses is made up blue. Aunt she just hit it—it *was* the blue-bag. I never meant to tell, but I can't a-bear it. I made 'em up blue—an' I done it myself, an' I don't care who knows it. There!'

"Yes, my dears—well may you look! She spoke up like that—she did indeed—afore all that barnful! I never see such a gell. Why, I wouldn't never even a' thought o' such a thing, let 'lone doin' it. Disgraceful, I call it—a gell puttin' 'erself forward afore folks like that!

"You could a' heard a pin drop, as the sayin' is, the place was that quiet, for full 'arf a minute. My 'eart was in my mouth, and for that 'arf minute I didn't know what she'd say next.

"The silly gell! Why, two whole summers we'd blued them roses, an' no one never know'd, an' no one wouldn't never a' known. We useter do it of a mornin' early afore mother come down. Hetty an' me we useter creep down in our stocking feet, so's not to make a clutter, an' afore we raked out the fire or opened the house we'd run round to the rose-tree an' look if there was any more buds out; an' Hetty 'ud say, 'Here's another, Addie,' an' I'd say, 'All right, Hetty, we'll 'ave 'im,' an' I'd rub the blue-bag round it once or twice, an' when it rained the blue soaked in more, an' the wet would seem to take

it right into the roses' hearts. An' as the rose opened it would be all blue—from us having blued the edges. An' to think we might a' gone on an' on, an' took all the prizes at the flower-shows! I hate a fool.

"Well, that day in the barn it lasted—that kinder quiet like as if we were in church—it lasted for full 'arf a minute, an' it seemed like twenty—an' then there come a buzz, buzz, like a whole bench o' bees when a boy throws an apple at 'em—an' Hetty she says, '*Oh!*' quite soft and frightened-like—as well she might be—an' then, afore any one could say a word to 'er, she was off, through the big barn door, like a rabbit with the dogs arter it.

"The ole gentleman what give the prizes, he said he'd know'd it all along—but 'e 'adn't, for he'd drove over in his own carriage to see our blue roses, and called them 'curious nateral pheno—suthin' or other."

"And Hetty didn't tell of *you*, Mrs. Minver?"

"Oh! no, my dear. With all her faults, Hetty was never *that* sort o' girl."

"And Mr. George?"

"Oh! he come up that artemoon—I see him from our window by the pear-tree—and Hetty she says,—

"'I'm a-goin' inter the orchard,' she says; 'if 'e wants me—but I don't think 'e will want me,' says she.

"He did want her though, an' he says to me,—

"'You come along, Addie, an' hear what I've got to say.'

"We went out inter the cherry-orchard—all the cherries was gathered though—an' Hetty was there, walkin' up and down like a ferret as wants to get out of its hutch an' can't. An' George he says,—

"'Looke here, Hetty,' he says, 'I don't wish no ill-feelin', but you'll see it's best for us to part. I'm sure, if you set any store by me, you wouldn't wish me to keep company with a gell as could act a livin' lie, as parson says. An' I am sure the Lord wouldn't grant a blessin', an' I wish you well an' good-bye.'

"I never see a gell look so plain—for a rather good-looking gell—as Hetty did then, for her eyes was all red an' swelled up with cryin' an' she twisted her nose and mouth up, like as if she was a-goin' to begin again.

"'Good-bye, George,' says she. 'No, I wouldn't wish it, George,' she says, 'not if you don't, dear George.'

"An' with that she walked away very

quiet, an' George, he stood quite still, not looking at anythin' for a minute or two, an' then he give a sorter shrug an' a sorter sigh, an' he went off by the lower gate without as much as a 'Good-day to you.'

"When tea-time come, mother she says, 'Enough said about a bit o' gell's nonsense;' an' she ups the stairs to Hetty, and she says at the door, —

"Come down to tea, my gell."

"An' Hetty she says, —

"Don't want no tea, aunt."

"An' mother she goes in, an' there's Hetty lyin' face down on the bed, an' mother she says, —

"Come, child, it's no use a-grislin' over spilt milk; an' arter all

A fault 'at's owned
Is 'arf atoned.

Come along down, an' let's say no more about it."

"But Hetty she says (I was atop o' the stairs an' I heard her), —

"It ain't no use, aunt," she says, "an' you've been's good's a mother to me, an' I thank you an' I loves you — that I do. But nothin's no good now. You let me be, there's a dear auntie."

"An' mother she left her, just a sayin', —

"Don't you take on 'bout George, now. He'll come round."

"An' next mornin' when I woke up Hetty was gone, and we never seed her again."

"Gone? Where to?" I asked.

"To Medstone first, an' then to London; an' mother couldn't never 'ear what come of 'er — but I did 'ear she come to no good."

"And George?"

"Well, George he took on for a bit, an' didn't take to his victuals as a young man should; but I allus spoke him civil, an' when we was alone I said, 'Pore George!' an' 'Wasn't it hard when you was fond of a person to have 'em own up a liar quite shameless afore parson an' all!' An' he said, 'Yes, 'twas cruel hard.' An' next year we was married, George an' me."

"And I suppose you never told him you had helped to blue the roses?"

"My dear! Now how could I? an' him that pertickler!" E. NESBIT.

the king of that strange and forgotten people who, in the midst of the Atlantic, in the sunny climes of the Fortunate Islands, remained untouched by civilization, and who lived in the happy innocence and careless joyousness of the stone age into the fifteenth century.

The secret how to secure the happiness of a whole people died with the Guanches; but now that the Happy Islands are being visited by those whom care or disease have robbed of health, the records, the customs, and the character of the ancient race who once peopled these islands are becoming daily of more general interest.

The tradition runs that nine, ten, perhaps even twelve thousand years ago, a great continent stretched where now rolls the Atlantic Ocean. This was the fabled country of Atlantis described by Plato, the cradle of the race of the Atlantides who civilized the ancient world. It is alleged that this vast continent was overwhelmed and destroyed by a cataclysm combined with a volcanic outburst, after which nothing remained but a few isolated mountain peaks above the ruin of the waters; these mountain heights are to-day the islands of the Canaries, Madeira, the Azores, and Cape Verd, all of which rise precipitously and in an isolated manner from the ocean. The same cataclysm covered the Libyan plain with sea, which on retiring left the desert of Sahara. The memory of a terrible catastrophe which overwhelmed a whole continent is still preserved in the fables and traditions of all European nations.

The Guanches, the inhabitants of the Canary Islands, are said to have been the remnants of the ancient race who ten thousand years ago peopled the drowned continent of Atlantis. In support of this view it is contended that the inhabitants of the seven Canary Islands had no intercommunication by means of boats, for they, like all ancient people, had a great dread of the sea; yet, though thus isolated, they all spoke dialects of the same language and had the same customs and religion. Their language resembled that spoken by the Berbers of the Atlas range of mountains, and it is hence argued that the Canary Islands were an extension of this range and were at one time continuous with it.

In the fifteenth century these isolated and forgotten remnants of a lost continent were rediscovered. The people were still living in a stone age, and had no implements but hatchets made of hard obsidian, and weapons which consisted of stones

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A FORGOTTEN RACE.

"I SWEAR to make every one happy," was the royal oath taken by the king of the Guanches on ascending the throne —

thrown from slings, of darts made of wood with the points hardened in the fire, and of shields of the wood of the dragon-tree; but so accurate was their aim with these darts and slings, and so indomitable was their courage, that Europeans with the advantages of ships and firearms, and the resources of civilization, spent nearly one hundred years in effecting the conquest of the islands.

Their government, as the records of their Spanish conquerors attest, was a kind of aristocratic communism. Each island was ruled over by kings or menceys. When a king ascended the throne he kissed the sacred bone, the insignia of royalty, and said, as already stated, "I swear to make every one happy." Truly these were the Happy Isles where the aim of the king was not power and conquest, but the happiness of all. The mencey was then crowned with flowers, and a banquet followed. Next in rank to the king were the nobles, who were strictly limited in number. Noble rank was hereditary, but a son, on claiming to inherit his father's title, had to give proof of a blameless life, otherwise he was disinherited by popular acclamation. A nobleman could also be disinherited and degraded for base deeds, and nobility was granted for great and courageous acts. The king's vassals reigned over districts, and beneath them were the wealthy classes and the people. Though communists in a sense, the Guanches recognized inequality in man and explained it thus. In the beginning of the world, they said, God created a certain number of men and women, and gave them the possession of everything upon the earth. Afterwards he created more men and women to whom he gave nothing. These demanded their share, but God said, "Serve the others, and they will give to you." Thus originated in a divine ordinance masters and servants, nobles and people; but the Guanches recognized the fact that with privileges came responsibilities; thus the nobles served the State by administering justice, commanding in war, and advising in council.

The mencey was considered to be the owner of the soil, the fruits of which he gave to his people. The land was divided among the families according to their size and requirements, and at the death of the head of the family the estates reverted to the sovereign and were again apportioned. The land being the only source of wealth, it was by these means made impossible for the powerful to become rich at the expense

of the poor. We are also told that a man's wealth was estimated by his generosity to the needy. Life in those days and in these Happy Isles was idyllic; the generous earth produced abundance for all, the genial climate banished care, and a gentle and valiant race of shepherds lived innocent and happy lives "under the shade of enormous laurels, weaving baskets, playing the flute, singing of the loves and wars of their ancestors, and dancing; it was the pastoral life of the earliest ages of the world."

In religion the Guanches were pure theists, and they worshipped the God of heaven and earth. Their religious rites are hidden in mystery, but they seem to have had temples, vestal virgins, and priests. The latter were vowed to poverty, and were selected from among the nobility. Tithes were paid to the priests of the produce of the land, and this accumulated wealth was either divided among the poor or reserved for times of scarcity. Their temples consisted of two circular walls, one within the other; the first circle represented the earth, the ditch between the two walls the sea, and the outer circle the heavens. The ceremony of worship seems to have been very simple, and to have consisted in pouring sheep's milk from the sacred urn on to mother earth, and in the uttering of prayers with lamentations and tears by the people kneeling.

The Guanches believed in immortality and in rewards and punishments after death. Their morality was pure and their precepts few. "Avoid those whom vice renders contemptible, otherwise you will be an offence to your fellows." "Associate with the good, help and succor every one." "Be good if you wish to be beloved." "Value the friendship and esteem of the good only." "Never tell lies." "Despise the wicked, love the good." "Be an honor to your country through your courage and virtue." These were some of the maxims of the Guanches, and they believed in them and acted up to them, and their chiefs were those who were declared to be the bravest, the noblest, and the most virtuous. Happy people! whose lives were a pastoral idyll during the dark ages of Europe.

The Guanches were troglodytes and lived in caves, though from some accounts it seems that they also inhabited houses, particularly in the winter. In a country in which the soil is dry and the sunshine brilliant, cave-dwelling is not a hardship but a luxury. The Guanche cave cities exist to this day, and in Grand Canary I

found them still inhabited. They were made by removing the soft tufa from the more solid basalt, and large, cool, shady rooms were thus obtained. The Guanches were very nice and particular as to the internal arrangements of their houses, and the sleeping rooms were separate from the living rooms. They dressed in skins ingeniously sewn together by means of needles made out of fish-bones, and thread made of leather cut into extremely fine strips. They also wore skirts made of palm-leaves and rushes cleverly plaited so as to have almost the appearance of a woven material; caps of fur or skin, and boots or moccasins of leather, completed the costume. The skirts of the women were longer than those of the men; those of the vestal virgins were white, and they also wore an amber girdle and necklace. The men wore their beards pointed, and the women dyed their hair and painted their faces by means of little wooden dies or *pastidera*,* cut into elaborate patterns. Their food was chiefly *gofio*—that is, roasted maize, ground and mixed with water or milk—as well as cheese, fish, and fresh meat; they drank nothing but water and milk; fermented liquors were unknown among them. A primitive kind of earth-oven seems to have been known to them, and their stone hand-mills for grinding maize are used by the Canarians to this day. In some of the islands the root of a fern was used for bread instead of maize. They made butter by putting the milk into a wooden vessel and suspending it from the branch of a tree; two women, standing a few paces apart, swung the vessel from one to the other till the butter came.

The Guanches are reported to have been strong and handsome, and of extraordinary agility of movement, of remarkable courage, and of a loyal disposition; but they showed the credulity of children and the simple directness of shepherds. So tall were they that the Spaniards speak of them as giants, and their strength and endurance were so great that they were conquered by stratagem but not by force. They ran as fast as horses, and could leap over a pole held between two men five or six feet high; they could climb the highest mountains and jump the deepest ravines. Their endurance as swimmers was so great that they were accustomed to swim across the nine miles strait between Lancerote and

Graciosa; having no boats, their method of fishing was to strike the fish with sticks, or catch them in their hands while swimming. Their skulls which are preserved in the museums of the island, and of which I took photographs, show marked cerebral development, the frontal and parietal bones being well developed and the facial angle good. In the early days of the conquest, before rapine and murder had done their vile work, the Guanches are spoken of as being musical and fond of dancing and singing. These arts, together with those of basket-weaving and pottery-making, were a few relics of a great and remote civilization, and were preserved in the same way (as Pigot-Ogier suggests) as, if Europe were submerged, the shepherds of the Tyrol, the Alps, and the Pyrenees would preserve the national airs and village dances of their respective countries. The Guanches were, it is supposed, but the mountain shepherds of a submerged world. Though so strong physically, the Guanches were nevertheless a very gentle race; they rarely made war on one another, and when the Europeans fell into their hands they did not kill them, but sent them to tend sheep on the mountains. So tame were the birds in this happy land that when the Spaniards first landed they came and fed out of their hands. To kill an animal degraded a man; the butcher was a reprieved criminal and an outcast, and lived apart, he and his assistants being supported by the State. No woman was allowed to approach the shambles, and in such horror was killing held by these gentle giants that no man could be ennobled until he had publicly declared that he had not been guilty of killing any animal, not even a goat. Their standard of morality was high; they were monogamists, and adultery was punished by imprisonment and death; robbery was almost unknown among them, and drunkenness not yet invented. The Guanches were bound by law to treat women with the greatest respect, and a man was obliged to make way for every woman he met walking, to bear her burdens, and deferentially to escort her home, should she wish it. If a Guanche were ennobled for any great deed, the people were assembled on the occasion, and among the questions asked, to which a negative answer must be given before the patent of nobility was granted, was: "Has he ever been disrespectful to women?" The women are not celebrated as having been beautiful, but they were almost as agile and

* These *pastidera*, many of which I examined in the museums of Santa Cruz and Las Palmas, are said by Berthelot to be the seals of princes.

strong as the men. Even in war the women and children were protected, and pillage was forbidden.

Situated at the farthest western extremity of the known world, the ancients regarded the Canary Islands as the limits of the earth, and from their natural and abundant beauty they obtained the name of the Elysian Fields. Ezekiel mentions the fact that the Tyrians traded with the Isles of Elishah (Elysian Fields), and the Carthaginians went thither for the purple of the murex and the red dye of the cochineal. Homer says that "Jupiter will send Menelaus to those Elysian Fields which are at the end of the world, where the sharpness of winter is not felt, where the air is always pure and freshened by the ocean's breezes." Hesiod is still more definite, and says: "Jupiter sent the dead heroes to the end of the world, to the Fortunate Islands which are in the middle of the ocean." Herodotus thus describes Teneriffe: "The world ends where the sea is no longer navigable, in that place where are the gardens of the Hesperides, where Atlas supports the sky on a mountain as conical as a cylinder." Later we have a more historical description of the Canary Islands, for Juba, king of Mauritania, sent a fleet thither, and wrote a history of the voyage, which he sent to the emperor Augustus. Pliny gives extracts from this work, and his description of the natural history of the islands is perfectly accurate. In 150 A.D. Ptolemy placed the first terrestrial meridian at Hierro, the most western of the Canary Islands.

From this time till the twelfth century, the islands are lost in the gloom of the dark ages. They seem to have been known to the Moors and Arabs, the depositors of learning and science, and were called by them "Gezagrel Khalidal" — the Happy Islands. In 1291 the Genoese sent an expedition to the islands, but it never returned. In 1330 we learn that the islands were accidentally discovered by the captain of a French ship running before the wind, who took refuge in one of the ports. On returning to Portugal the captain reported the circumstances, on which King Alfonso IV. sent an expedition under Don Luis de Ordo with orders to conquer the islands, but he was repulsed by the inhabitants of Gomera. In 1334 another expedition was sent by the king of Portugal, and a landing was effected at Gomera, but history is silent as to the result. In 1341 three caravels were fitted out by Alfonso IV. and despatched from Lisbon. The adventurers

landed at Lancerote, Fuerteventura, Gran Canaria, Hierro, and Gomera; but, alarmed by the eruption from the Peak of Teneriffe, they abandoned their intention, and returned to Lisbon with some of the Guanches or natives as captives. The following year another expedition was undertaken by Luis de la Cerda, grandson of Alfonso X., king of Castile, and on his return he received from the pope Clement VI., at Avignon, the title of "king of the islands to be conquered in order to extend the fame of the Church to the ends of the world." But war having been declared by England, Don Luis was obliged to give up the idea of this conquest.

From this time forward Andalusians engaged in the slave trade seem to have touched at the Canary Islands from time to time. About the year 1400 the Spaniards appealed to the Normans to help them conquer the islands, and five vessels, manned by Normans, Biscayans, and Andalusians, set sail under Gonzola Perazza Martel. The Peak of El Teyde being in eruption, they avoided Teneriffe, and went to Lancerote, which they pillaged, and made the king and queen and one hundred and seventy natives prisoners, whom they brought back to Spain and sold as slaves. The success of this expedition made a great impression on the Normans, and led to the only happy event in the long and painful history of the conquest of the Canary Islands — namely, the expedition of Béthencourt.

The story of Béthencourt and his fatherly rule over the Canary Islands reads like a tale of the "good old times," the golden age of kindly deeds, noble thoughts, and kingly bearing; and were it not that his reign was so short-lived, and was followed by the Old-World ways of cruelty, carnage, and superstition, we should, if it stood alone, be almost tempted to believe, as the poets tell, that the past was better than the present.

Béthencourt was a Norman knight, and, though over sixty years of age, full of enterprise and enthusiasm, and longing for opportunities to do great deeds. Stories had reached Normandy of the wonderful and long-forgotten islands in mid-ocean, inhabited by a strange and gentle people, who had been plundered and carried as slaves to Europe by various Spanish corsairs. These stories reached the ears of Béthencourt and one Gadier de la Sala, who sold their lands to raise funds to fit out an expedition to go in search of the Fortunate Islands. They set sail on May 1, 1400, and succeeded in reaching an

island which they named Lancerote. The natives fled to the mountains, but Béthencourt's aim was, if possible, to achieve a bloodless conquest, and his policy was that of gentleness and justice. Finding they were unmolested, the natives came down from their hiding-places and assisted the invaders to build a fort at Rubicon. Béthencourt reigned over Lancerote for three years, but being anxious to conquer the other islands, he returned to Spain, and obtained from Henry III., who claimed them as his property, a grant of the Fortunate Islands under the title of king. But while Béthencourt was away on this errand, matters went badly in Lancerote. He had left his relative, William de Béthencourt, as regent, but he behaved with such licentiousness and cruelty to the natives that they rose up and killed him, and imprisoned the rest of the Normans in the fort at Rubicon, where they were on the point of dying from famine when Béthencourt arrived from Spain with a newly equipped fleet. The simple natives, headed by their king, laid their complaints against the viceregal foreign government before Béthencourt, who, finding that his own countrymen had been in the wrong, pardoned the Lancerote king, and restored to the natives all the property of which they had been plundered; upon which they laid down their arms, the beleaguered garrison was relieved, and peace was restored. Shortly afterwards the Lancerote king, with all his followers, was baptized.

With his little kingdom of Lancerote now at peace and in good order, Béthencourt thought the time had arrived for conquering Fuerteventura, distant only six miles. He gathered all his forces together, and set sail in June, 1405. There were at the time two kings in Fuerteventura who chanced to be at war with one another over questions of pasture, and hence they were unable to combine against the invaders. Their power was, however, as nothing compared with that of two women who were greatly revered for their wisdom, and who had determined that the natives should not resist the foreigners, but should receive them kindly. These women exercised so great an influence over the kings that they laid down their arms and consented to be baptized, and their example was followed by all the islanders. Thus Béthencourt became lord of Fuerteventura without striking a blow.

Gomera was the next island to submit. Having landed his forces, Béthencourt cautiously proceeded inland, fearing an

ambuscade, but presently he saw with surprise a great concourse of people coming towards him armed with swords, darts, lances, and crossbows (implements of war quite unknown among the Guanches), but who showed at the same time every appearance of joy. To his surprise, the leaders accosted him in Spanish and bade him welcome; and the story runs that this kindly reception was due to the fact that about thirty years previously some buccaneering Spaniards had landed at Gomera and given battle to the natives, but were defeated and driven into a defile from which egress was impossible except by throwing themselves over the steep cliffs. In this terrible emergency the Spanish captain appealed to the compassion of the king of the Gomerans, and with such success that the king released the Spaniards, treated them with the greatest hospitality, and conducted them in safety to their ships lying in harbor. In gratitude the Spanish captain not only gave the king presents of swords and shields, but left with him a Spanish priest to convert the Gomerans to the true faith. This man by his gentle conduct gained the affection of the simple people, and left behind him on his death the tradition that the Spaniards were a kindly, courteous, and brave people, to be welcomed with joy should they ever come back. Thus in Gomera the two races began to live together in peace and unity.

In the island of Hierro there had lived many years before a wise man called Yore, who on his death-bed had called the natives together and had prophesied that when his flesh was consumed and his bones mouldered into dust, white houses would be seen coming across the sea, and that when the islanders saw them they were not to fear, for they would contain their god, Eroaranzan, who would come to bring them joy and prosperity. When Béthencourt, having determined to annex Hierro, approached the island with his fleet of white-sailed ships, the natives ran to the tomb of Yore, and finding that his bones were but dust, they said, "It is Eroaranzan," and they hastened to the shore to give him welcome. Béthencourt was delighted at such a bloodless conquest, so after staying a few days he returned to Fuerteventura, and left as his representative Lazara, with strict injunctions to treat the Hierrons with kindness and justice. Now, of all the honored customs of the Guanches none is more worthy of profound respect than their reverence for women. Lazara used his power to

outrage all their sentiments and to behave with unblushing immorality. The villages rose in revolt, and Lazara was stabbed and killed. On hearing of this, Béthencourt sent another governor with instructions to inquire into the causes of the rebellion. On finding that it was due entirely to the immoralities of Lazara and his troops, he beheaded two of the officers and hanged three soldiers, and thus quelled the disturbance; but, what was more important, he gave the natives the assurance that Béthencourt dealt out justice with an even hand.

The three large islands still, however, remained unconquered, and what satisfaction was it to Béthencourt to be styled "king of the Canary Islands," when the peak of Teneriffe and the mountain fastnesses of Gran Canaria resisted his sway? Previous to the conquest of Gomera he had made an unsuccessful attempt to obtain a footing in Canaria, but the natives met his handful of men in such numbers, and used their primitive weapons of stones and darts with such skill and strength, that he was obliged to retire. He had no better luck when he made a second attempt in 1406. Chagrined beyond measure at this want of success, and at the pertinacious resistance of the Canarians, he determined once more to personally appeal for assistance to the king of Castile. He made all arrangements for a prolonged absence from his beloved little kingdom. He sent for the native chiefs and the European governors of the four conquered islands, and told them of his plans; how he hoped to return with ships and men to effect the conquest of Teneriffe, Canaria, and Palma; he begged them to live in peace together, and he promised to go and see the pope, and induce him to send a bishop to the islands. Before leaving he appointed his nephew, Mason de Béthencourt, governor-general in his absence. Great was the grief of the islanders at parting with their father-king, and when his ship sailed away it was followed for miles by the faithful Guanches, who swam after it to give Béthencourt last words of affectionate parting. Béthencourt fulfilled his intention so far as to see the king and obtain the promise of his support, and he went to Avignon and saw the pope Benedict XIII., who appointed a bishop to the Canary Islands; but on proceeding to Normandy to visit his relations, he fell sick, and died in 1408 at the age of seventy years. With Béthencourt's life ended the last happy days of the Guanches. Of Béthencourt, M. Pigot-Ogier says: "It

would be hard to find a character in history more honorable and more kindly than that of Béthencourt. He exercised his authority with parental kindness, which in no degree weakened his power. He was courageous, benevolent, and in all things worthy of his great enterprise. His chief characteristic was his love of justice, and he is remembered not so much for having conquered a kingdom, as for having governed it justly in times when might was right."

The conquest of Gran Canaria was effected by other hands than those of Béthencourt, and by means other than those he would have employed.

As one sails away from Teneriffe, and her snowy peak is seen to rise columnar through the clouds, the grey fastnesses of Gran Canaria come in sight. Wall behind wall they rise, straight-topped and rectangular, silver-grey in the shimmering sunlight which dances on the turquoise sea at their feet, and on the purple sails of the tiny Portuguese men-of-war which float lazily by, heedless, as they did in the days of the Guanches, of heroic struggles and historic deeds. Canaria was the ancient name of the island, and was called thus by Pliny, who tried to find a reason for the title, but the prefix "Gran" was added by Béthencourt, the unwilling tribute of a defeated captain to the character and courage of the inhabitants.

The Canarians were the most civilized, the most disciplined, and the bravest of all the inhabitants of the Fortunate Islands, and their conquest, aided by the appliances of civilization, and the duplicity and stratagem of civilized soldiers, took seventy-eight years to accomplish. Béthencourt, fired with the ambition to be king of all the seven islands before he died, made, as already stated, two excursions to Gran Canaria, but was repulsed with slaughter, and unable to obtain a footing. For sixty years the Canarians were left in peace, but in 1461 Diego de Herrera determined to attempt the conquest of Gran Canaria, and at first obtained from the natives consent to land; but subsequently, on their understanding that conquest and not commerce was intended, they refused to allow Diego to disembark his troops. The sole weapons of the Canarians were, at the beginning of the unequal contest, stones thrown from slings with great precision and force, and sticks with points hardened in the fire, which could be thrown with sufficient directness and strength to pierce the Spanish targets and the closest coats of mail; subsequently they took

European arms in battle and learnt the use of them; but their chief defence was their indomitable courage and the inaccessible character of their mountain fastnesses. Nothing daunted by failure, Diego gathered together a large force of Spaniards and Portuguese, and again set sail for the conquest of Gran Canaria. At that time, it is said, the fighting men of the island numbered fourteen thousand, and an old prophecy gave tenacity to their determination to defend to the utmost their country from the invaders. The Spanish commander landed his troops at the port of Gando, but the natives, who had been constantly on the lookout from the battle-mented heights of the island, descended and drove them with slaughter to the shore. In this extremity Diego sent a detachment of his troops to the other side of the island in order to make a diversion and divide the forces of the natives. They landed safely, and proceeded to ascend inland without meeting the enemy; it was not till they had reached the top of the pass that they discerned that their movements had been quietly watched, and that retreat was cut off. They marched on, hoping to be able to descend on the other side of the mountain, but presently they found that the path led to an open place surrounded by a high stone wall, a kind of fortress which was used by the Canarians for security in time of war. With a shout of victory the natives surrounded and held the Spanish fast prisoners, and thus they were kept for two days without meat or drink. Death was inevitable, and the slaughter of the Spaniards had been decided upon, when deliverance came in the person of a woman called Maria Lafeiga, a niece of the prince or guanarteme of Galdar. This young woman had been a prisoner at Lancerote, and had learnt to speak Castilian. She remembered having seen the Spanish captain at Lancerote, and was moved with compassion at his impending fate. She urged the Spaniards to give themselves up unreservedly to her uncle, and to trust to his generosity. The guanarteme was on his part not loth to do a magnanimous act. Maria became the mediator, and the result was that Diego de Sylva, the Spanish captain, and his followers gave up their arms and left the fortress. The guanarteme and the gayer, or chiefs, showed the Spaniards every kindness and hospitality, after which they undertook to conduct them to their ships. On their way they came to a very high precipitous cliff, where the path of descent was so narrow that only one person could

pass at a time. The Spaniards, unused to treat others and to be treated with the simple generosity of the Canarians, concluded that they had been betrayed and had been led here to die, upon which they warmly upbraided the Canarians for their breach of faith. Indignation was rife at this false accusation, but, saying nothing in reply, the guanarteme stepped forward to Diego de Sylva, and said, "Take hold of the skirt of my garment, and I will lead you down," and thus each Canarian led a Spaniard safely to the bottom of the cliffs, and to their ships. On parting the Guanches had but one complaint to make, and that was that they should have been thought capable of telling a lie or breaking faith.

De Sylva's gratitude was fervid but short-lived, for though he sent a scarlet cloak and a sword and musket to the guanarteme, he returned shortly with fresh troops and defeated the Canarians in a pitched battle with great slaughter. Still, however, the island remained unconquered. The aid of the Church and of falsehood was next called into requisition. The Bishop Don Diego Lopez de Yllescas was summoned to select a site for a chapel, and the Canarians were humbly asked to give permission for a chapel to be built on the seashore, in which, as the Spaniards said, they might worship their God after their own fashion. The simple Guanches, scorning a lie themselves and hence not suspecting it in others, gladly gave consent, and even helped in its construction; but, when completed, they discovered to their cost that the chapel was a fort, and that the god the Spaniards worshipped was the god of battles. Delighted at the success of their stratagem, the Spanish commander and the bishop sailed away and left a strong garrison for the first time on Canarian soil. The natives watched their opportunity, and having cleverly one day decoyed the garrison out, they slew some of them and took others prisoners, and razed the fort to the ground. A great expedition from Spain was then fitted out and sent against the recalcitrant islanders, who were defeated in a pitched battle after the most determined resistance. Courage is not proof against the deadly bullet, and the Spaniards were beginning to use firearms.

The happy, the innocent days of the Canarians were now gone forever; no more did they rejoice in feats of strength and agility, no more did they dance and sing, and sit tranquil under a safe and honored government; discord had suc-

ceeded to peace, famine and pestilence to plenty, and pomp and religious duplicity to the simple worship of God and goodness. The Spanish conquerors built themselves a city at Las Palmas, on the level lands of the shore, where they quarrelled among themselves and made raids for cattle to the mountains, to which the natives had retired. For twenty years the war was carried on, but one by one the Canarians were driven out of their mountain fastnesses.

Many are the stories told of courage and magnanimity among the Canarians and of daring among the Spaniards in this dying struggle of a brave and noble race. The last stand was made in 1483. All the fighting men of the Guanches, now numbering only six hundred, about one thousand women, and the remaining nobles, were collected at a fortified place called Ausite, and were under the command of the youthful *guanarteme* of Telde. The old chief or *guanarteme* of Galdar had in a previous battle been taken prisoner and sent to Spain, where he had been graciously received by the king and queen. The splendor and power of Spain, and the pomp of the Romish Church, made so profound an impression on his mind, that he was baptized and returned to Gran Canaria determined to preach to his countrymen the futility of further resistance. He mounted to the fortress which contained all the shrunken strength of Gran Canaria, the remnant of the army of fourteen thousand fighting men after seventy-eight years' struggle with sticks and stones against the arms, the ships, and the resources of Europe. He was received with respect, silence, and tears. He urged his point, and he gained it. The Canarians laid down their arms and surrendered. Not so, however, the young *guanarteme* of Telde, who was betrothed to the daughter of the chief of Galdar. Going to the edge of the precipice with the old *faycar*, or high priest, they embraced each other, and, calling upon their God, "Atirtisma! Atirtisma!" they perished together by leaping into the abyss. Shortly afterwards the disconsolate bride was baptized and married to a Spanish grandee, Don Ferdinando de Guzman, and thus was consummated the conquest of Gran Canaria.

The Peak of El Teyde, constantly vomiting forth flames and lava, long protected Teneriffe from invasion; but the story of a marvellous and miracle-working image of the Virgin secreted in Teneriffe induced the Spaniards to make a descent on the

island with a view to rescue this holy relic from the hands of barbarians. The story of this wonderful image is curious. One day towards the end of the fourteenth century, two Guanche shepherds were driving their flocks down a *barrancho*, when they noticed that at a certain spot their flocks turned back and showed signs of fear. Unable to compel the sheep to proceed, one of the shepherds went forward to ascertain the cause of alarm, and saw what appeared to him to be a woman dressed in strange and beautiful garments standing in front of a cave. He made signs to her to get out of the way, for it was against the custom of the Guanches for a man to speak to a woman if he met her in a lonely place. As she did not move, he became angry at what he considered the immodest behavior of the woman, and took up a stone to throw at her, when his arm became immovable in the position of throwing, and was in great pain. The other shepherd, seeing what had happened, went up to the supposed woman, and found her to be an image, the hand of which he tried to cut off with a sharp stone; but, instead of succeeding, he wounded his own hand severely. Much alarmed, the shepherds repaired without delay to the king, and told him what had happened. He assembled his council, and with them and a great concourse of people he went to the spot where the shepherds declared they would see the image, and they found it standing as before at the mouth of the cave. No one, however, durst touch it, but the king commanded the two shepherds to take it up reverently, and immediately they did so they were cured. At this the king declared that the image was divine and that no one should carry it but himself, and he took it up and set it in a cave, where it remained and became an object of adoration. A hundred years later Diego de Herrera became anxious to possess this sacred image, and, landing from Lancerote with a party of Guanches who knew where the image was, he secretly conveyed it away and placed it in the cathedral at Rubicon.

But the Virgin was faithful to her Guanches of Teneriffe, and to the dismay of Diego de Herrera and his wife, Donna Innes Peraza, the image was found every morning with its face turned to the wall, though it was daily replaced. They decided at last to restore it to Teneriffe, and with this purpose set sail with a fleet of vessels and anchored in a port of Teneriffe. Diego was met by the king of Guimar with an armed force, but when he

found that Diego had only come to return the sacred image he loaded him with gifts and gave him free permission to send vessels to trade with Teneriffe. Acting on this treaty of commerce, Sancho Herrera, the son of Diego, was allowed to land and build a fort at what is now known as Santa Cruz. Disputes presently arose between the two peoples, but it was agreed that when such occurred the delinquent should be delivered to the offended party to be punished as thought fit. On a complaint of sheep-stealing being made against some Spaniards they were delivered to the Guanches, who, after reprimanding them, sent them back to their own people; soon afterwards a complaint of injury was made against the Guanches, who were accordingly given over to the mercy of Sancho Herrera; but he, forgetting the example of clemency shown him by the Guanches, had all the accused hanged. The Guanches were so enraged at this want of generosity that they rose up and drove the Spaniards out of the island, and razed the fort to the ground.

In 1493 Alonzo de Lugo arrived at Teneriffe with a fleet of ships and one thousand armed men, determined to effect the conquest of the island. There were five kings of Teneriffe, and of these four at once submitted and made terms with the invader. The statues of these traitor kings adorn the market-place of Santa Cruz to this day. But the king of Taora refused to submit; he rallied his fighting men to the number of three hundred, and demanded of Alonzo what he wanted; to which the Spanish captain replied that he came only to court his friendship, to convert him to Christianity, and to make him a vassal of the king of Spain. To this the king of Taora replied that he despised no man's friendship, that he knew nothing of Christianity, and that as to becoming a vassal of the king of Spain, he was born free and he would die free. Alonzo continued to press forward with his troops, and penetrated into the island as far as Oratavo, where he looted the country and was returning with his booty when, in crossing a deep defile or barranco, the king of Taora fell upon him with three hundred Guanches and put him to rout, massacring seven hundred of his troops. The place is called now Mantanza de Centejo (the slaughter of Centejo) in memory of this battle. Broken and discouraged, Alonzo set sail from Teneriffe, and landed in Gran Canaria, whence he sent to Spain for funds and men. In a short time he returned to Teneriffe with an

army of one thousand foot and seventy horse. He landed at Santa Cruz and marched to Laguna. At Taora he met the armed and united forces of the Guanches, with whom he had several fights. The Guanches were, however, so deeply impressed with the order, fighting qualities, and seemingly endless resources of the Spaniards, that they concluded that it was useless to contend with them, and, assembling all the chief men of the island, they demanded a conference with Alonzo. They asked him what had induced the Spaniards to invade the island, to plunder the Guanches of their cattle, and to carry the people into captivity? To which Alonzo replied that his sole motive was his desire to convert them to Christianity. After due consideration the Guanches decided to accede to Alonzo's wish and to become Christians, and within a few days the whole of the inhabitants of Teneriffe were baptized. So rejoiced was Alonzo at this peaceable termination of the war that he founded a hermitage on the spot, and called it Nuestra Señora de la Victoria.

Umbrageous Palma had long been a coveted possession by the Spaniards, but excepting numerous marauding expeditions in search of slaves, its conquest was not seriously attempted until Alonzo de Lugo took it in hand in 1490. Having borne his part in the conquest of Gran Canaria, Alonzo grew tired of inactivity, and returned to Spain to obtain funds for a fresh adventure, and received from the king a grant of the conquest of Palma and Teneriffe. He landed at Tassacorta in Palma, and marched inland. The only difficulty met with was at the Caldera, a vast extinct crater with its rugged sides clothed with forest trees and seamed by streams. Here the king and his followers made a final stand against the invaders, who were unable to dislodge them. The next morning Alonzo proposed a conference and promised the king that if he and his followers would submit to the king of Spain, their liberties and properties would be respected and preserved to them. To this the king replied that if Alonzo would return to the foot of the mountain he would come next day and make his submission. But treachery was found a quicker remedy than treaties, and the unsuspecting natives were, on approaching the Spanish troops, attacked and cut to pieces and their king taken prisoner. The anniversary of this day is celebrated in Palma as that on which the whole island submitted to the king of Spain and the Holy Church.

The end of the story of the Guanches is soon told. Their conquerors forgot as soon as convenient the precepts of the holy religion in the name of which the conquest had been made, and the cruelties and oppressions practised by them on the remaining inhabitants of the once Happy Islands are as horrible as any recorded of the sixteenth century. In Gomera, the governor, Hernand Peraza, being detected in an intrigue with a native woman, was killed by one of her relations in the act of quitting her cave. Goaded into rebellion, and encouraged by the murder of their tyrant, the Gomerans rose and imprisoned his widow, the beautiful and cruel Donna Beatrix Bobadilla, in the castle of the port, which was closely invested. Donna Beatrix sent word to Don Pedro de Vera, governor of Gran Canaria, to come and help her, which he did with men and ships; he raised the siege, released Donna Beatrix, and marched against the rebels, who had retired to a mountain fastness. By a stratagem he first made all the non-fighting Gomerans prisoners, and having induced the mutineers to surrender on the promise that they should pass out unharmed, he put all above fifteen years of age to death, "some being hanged, others drowned, and others drawn asunder by horses," and the women and children were sold as slaves. On hearing that the Gomerans in Gran Canaria had declared that they would treat any one who offered an insult to their wives and daughters as Hernand Peraza had been treated, he seized in one night about two hundred Gomerans; the men he put to death, and the women and children he sold as slaves. Thus sadly the Guanches learnt the lessons of civilization.

Of this interesting race scarcely any trace now remains. In Teneriffe, where the resistance had been less determined, the natives intermarried with their Spanish conquerors, and the type of the modern Teneriffian is obviously that of a mixed race; the Spanish character is also mollified by Guanche blood, and the Teneriffe people are known as being peculiarly gentle and docile. Gran Canaria was so depopulated by the long struggle that it was colonized from Spain, and the lands were divided among the colonists. Hierro became so bare that it was colonized from Flanders. Palma had the same fate. In Gomera the conquerors boasted that in a few years they had reduced the population to one thousand natives, who were driven into the mountains. Of pure-blooded Guanches none remain. Sold into slavery, massacred, robbed of their possessions,

and degraded, thus perished miserably a race who, though uncultured, had learnt the secret of happiness and good government.

From The National Review.

TO-DAY IN MOROCCO.

A MOORISH question, one in which England is peculiarly interested, has within the last few years from time to time attracted diplomatic attention in Europe, and it would seem that at last the lethargy of centuries which has so long hung like a nightmare over Morocco and held her in bondage is coming to a close. Indeed, of late several European statesmen have begun to recognize the fact that the Mohammedan power of the West is no longer what the French call *une quantité négligeable*, and that a distinct Moorish complication may at any time arise in addition to, or even in conjunction with, other issues farther East.

That any degree of public interest should have been aroused with reference to this portion of north Africa is principally due to two causes: the great strategic value of Tangier, including a portion of the coast, and the knowledge, every year becoming more definite, that Morocco is favored by nature with immense natural resources, that it is rich in mines, never yet worked, in a wonderfully fertile soil, and in various valuable products; that it has a superb climate, magnificent scenery, and a most advantageous geographical situation; that, in fact, it must become not only a source of wealth, but a position of political strength, to any civilized nation destined to possess it, and undertake its regeneration.

More especially as regards England, the full importance of Tangier with the ample bay on which it is situated, and the elevated heights lying to the east and west of the town, may be gathered from the following facts. The Straits of Gibraltar are but twelve miles across, and the coast line from Cape Spartel to the Spanish settlement of Ceuta presents for about forty miles an almost uninterrupted chain of hills along which batteries and fortresses could be constructed, thus creating a vantage ground of formidable power. At any time events may arise requiring our government to send an armed force to the Levant, or to reinforce the garrisons of the Indian Empire, with its population of two hundred and sixty millions; besides

which, we have enormous commercial interests throughout Asia which require to be carefully guarded. It is manifest that it is one thing to be able, as we are now, should occasion arise, to send our transports freely through the gates of the Mediterranean; but it would be another and quite different thing were the key of the gates to be in the hands of a possible antagonist, with Tangier converted into a fortress, batteries mounted with heavy guns studding the neighboring heights, and an enemy's war fleet riding in Tangier Bay. Let it be well remembered that in this case we should be obliged to despatch a fleet of ironclads, in order to guard our transports; and, what is more, possibly to fight a fierce naval battle, with doubtful success, under the fortifications of the enemy.

If all this be fully considered, it must appear that Morocco is a serious factor in retaining our communication safe with the East, and this indicates a very distinct line of English policy; that is to say, if, owing to any cause, the *status quo* as regards west Barbary should be subject to interference, our statesmen should firmly insist on substantial guarantees being given that a passage through the Straits should be in no way less secure than heretofore.

At present we possess more than half the Moorish trade; but returns show that commerce languishes; so it is only when the present infamous system of native government shall have passed away, and, under civilizing influences, the resources of the Moorish Empire shall be appreciated, that, supposing us to retain our present relative superiority, we may hope for any extensive commercial advantages.

The political situation in Morocco, as regards other nations, may be briefly stated as follows: France undoubtedly desires to add the rich adjacent territories to her Algerian possessions. Spain, already possessing Ceuta and a few points along the coast, is quite ready for fresh acquisitions should opportunity arise. And there is little doubt that in the diplomatic circles of Madrid an armed expedition has been seriously talked over within the last few years; but Spain is apparently holding her hand for the development of events in the near future. Italy has no direct interest in the ultimate fate of the Moorish Empire, but would object to seeing the French in force at the mouth of the Straits. Germany has as yet spoken with no certain voice; but it is generally believed she does not so much desire to

acquire any extent of territory as to extend her commerce, and, in fact, the increase of German trade with Morocco since 1878 has been in a greater ratio than that of any other nation. Apart from the powers I have mentioned, the different States represented in Tangier have little political or commercial interest in north-west Africa.

Thus it appears that the Moorish ruler owes the integrity of his dominions to the mutual jealousies of four or five European governments, each one of which, while coveting a certain valuable point of strategy, fears to see it in the possession of a rival.

The present sultan, Muley Hassan, is making strenuous efforts to continue the Chinese policy of exclusion and isolation, so successfully carried out by his predecessors; but now the question is, How much longer can that policy be maintained? That an undeveloped market, giving certain promise of such future wealth, can remain much longer in its present state of decadence, a prey to the tyranny and misrule of an effete government, is hardly probable, and those who are best informed on Moorish affairs are of opinion that a scramble for this rich north African prize may be nearer at hand than is generally supposed.

When, in the dark ages of Europe, science and culture, such as they were in those days, flickered feebly within the walls of monasteries, the brilliant civilization of the Spanish Moslems had been largely transmitted to Morocco. In the latter country, as in Spain, a system of national education was established, the universities were thronged with students, and magnificent libraries were enriched with the product of cultivated Moorish thought. In addition to original literature, copies of the most famous works stored in Seville, Grenada, and Cordova, as well as in Damascus and Bagdad, with even translations from the chief Greek and Roman authors, were procured for the repositories in the cities of Morocco. Amongst the chief of those collections is the once renowned library of El Karoubin, attached to the great Mosque of Muley Edris, of Fez. Here may still be found, in several thousand manuscript volumes, a remnant of former Mohammedan erudition; and amongst them, it is rumored, are a few rescued from Alexandria, before the caliph Omar's ruthless order for their burning could be executed. It is said that a work of Livy's, supposed to have been lost, and known to have existed in Spain some centuries ago, is in this li-

brary. From time to time Europeans have wished to visit the library, or even obtain reliable information as to its contents; but as yet, owing to Moorish jealousy of the hated Christian, every effort of this kind has been in vain. It would appear, however, from general report, that the precious accumulation suffers from the usual neglect common to every Mohammedan institution, that a large portion of the works have been lost or sold, while those still remaining are little cared for, and are disappearing gradually under the ravages of time. Few things could illustrate more than those facts the widespread degeneracy which marks the procession of events in Morocco; for it appears alike in the fading civilization of the Moors and in the crumbling mosaics of their palaces, nor is it possible to avoid the conclusion that the decadence has now reached a point from which the nation can never hope to rise without the aid of well-directed foreign influence.

To say that the Shereefian government is bad conveys no real idea of the state of Morocco. Throughout the length and breadth of the land, wherever the sultan's authority is paramount, there may be seen an unchanging system of wrong, oppression and crime. Men of the most infamous character occupy the positions of kuids and governors, while the hard-working intelligent, or enterprising native is unable to enjoy the fruit of his toil, and lives in daily fear of its being even suspected that he is in the possession of wealth. Many of the highest officials find nothing derogatory in being guilty of the most criminal acts, and the administration of Moorish justice is often calculated to remind one of the lines in "Measure for Measure":—

I do not deny
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve have a thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try.

It is a positive fact that the pashas and kuids, whose ostensible business is to repress crime, are very often men who have a secret understanding with the highway robbers of their respective districts; and these functionaries are not above levying blackmail on the delinquents as the price of conniving at their misdeeds.

In this country, so unusually favored by nature, and teeming with natural wealth, centuries of past misgovernment have left their sign in the deepest furrows, and everywhere appears the aspect of decay. It is that picturesque decay

which ever gladdens the eye of the artist; but the process is undeniably sad. Decay is seen in the arts and industries imported by the Spanish Arabs and Israelites on their expulsion from the peninsula; it is also seen in every institution of the country, and in every creation of Moorish handiwork, from the great Mosque of Muley Edris, in Fez, to the last remains of the Moorish pirate fleet, which lie rotting in the embouchure of the Locus. Material, moral, and intellectual decay is everywhere prevalent, and the precious Arabic manuscripts which lie mouldering on the dusty shelves of the once magnificent library of El Karoubin are only too appropriate emblems of the present state of Morocco.

One symptom of the gradual disintegration of the Moorish Empire is that already in several parts of the country the sultan's authority is but nominal. Many tribes hitherto supposed to be loyal show an extreme desire to declare their independence, and the country generally is in a state of simmering discontent, which might, at any time, break out into open civil war.

In Morocco all the officials are either unpaid or receive mere nominal salaries, and when a man assumes the position of a public employé he in nearly every case pays a smart price to some higher official, to the sultan's ministers or to the sultan himself, as a bribe to get the appointment; it becomes, therefore, an understood thing that the man is to recoup himself as best he can from every other native under his jurisdiction. Thus, when fines are levied by the pasha, the amount goes to his private account. Men are continually arrested and consigned to prison on false and fictitious charges, on some *ex parte* statement made by an enemy, or, when the victim is suspected of having money, on the pasha's simple mandate. Whether rich or poor, innocent or guilty, one thing is certain: the man arrested is not set at liberty until he resigns a portion of his wealth; and this, as in the former case, goes to the pasha's private account. No regular record is kept of the persons in prison, of the time they have remained in durance, or of the crimes with which they are charged. If they cannot muster sufficient money to pay the officials, the wretched prisoners remain often for years untried, and ignorant of their accuser, or of the accusation brought against them. I know one case of a man who was an inmate of the Tangier prison for seven years—he never knew for what reason, and he was never tried; but was at length re-

leased owing to the intercession of the late English minister, Sir John Drummond Hay. Another case came to my knowledge, a few years ago, of an unhappy creature who, as I am informed, had been simply arrested one day, and, although charged with no crime, had remained in Moorish captivity for seventeen years. One governor after another had exercised his functions during that long period; all record of the man had disappeared; and the governor acting at the time I heard of the case, admitted he did not know what accusation had been brought against the man, or even if he had been accused of anything. A French official at Rabat, where the man was confined, had been, from motives of humanity, endeavoring to effect the prisoner's release, but so far without success; the Moorish magistrate declined the responsibility of setting one free who had been so long in prison, and quite possibly he is there still.

It is unnecessary to say that under such an atrocious system the people, naturally discontented, poverty-stricken, and ignorant, ardently long for any political change which may bring them relief. At present, to be only suspected of being rich entails consequences worse than those which would follow the commission of the most serious crimes; industry is checked, public works are never attempted, and commerce is hampered by a vicious arrangement of imposts and duties which seem specially framed with a view to the impoverishment of the country. I think I may safely say that the present government exercises hardly a single duty, or function, or responsibility, of a ruling power. No efficient police system exists; so the unfortunate inhabitants suffer, not only from the rapacity of the officials, but from the depredations of brigands and highway robbers. In the country districts in particular, the Moor lives in a constant state of insecurity as to his life, liberty, and property. It is not only his cattle and goods which are continually being plundered; his very children are often kidnapped, to be sold as slaves.

Such is the present state of Morocco, in spite of its extraordinary natural resources and dormant wealth. No one who has lived any length of time in the country will consider this picture to be too highly colored.

It is impossible to be blind to the fact that in combining to guard the integrity of the sultan's dominions without insisting on reform of the Moorish system of government the great powers of Europe

chiefly interested in Morocco are distinctly perpetuating a system which keeps the empire in a state of chronic decadence, poverty, ignorance, and crime. It is mainly due to the strenuous opposition of England that western Barbary has not long ago passed under the power of some other nation of Europe, and England, therefore, has a right to expect that the Moorish government should listen to, and act on, her friendly counsels. Of course, it must be admitted that, politics knowing no sentiment, the good or bad government of Morocco does not affect English interests in the East; she cannot be a party to any political change which should endanger her passage through the Straits of Gibraltar; nor can we afford to jeopardize the well-being of two hundred and sixty millions of the natives of India, in order to benefit six millions of the natives of Morocco. This is true; but still common humanity and justice are to a certain extent factors in forming English public opinion on foreign politics; and if England secures to herself a very great advantage in protecting the independence of the Mohammedan empires of the West, she, jointly with other nations whose views are the same as hers, assumes a certain degree of responsibility to the native population, who still live under a propped-up Moorish despotism.

The late English minister has at different times urged administrative reforms on the Shereefian government, the chief suggestions being that official appointments should not be sold to the highest bidder; that the functionaries should be adequately paid; that fines levied should be recorded in every case, and transmitted to the imperial treasury. It is said that the sultan himself is not averse from taking some steps to ameliorate the condition of his subjects, and that he quite agreed as to the utility of the propositions which have just been stated; but the imperial *entourage* is composed for the most part of ignorant, selfish, unscrupulous men, who view any change for the better as likely to endanger their power to enrich themselves by the present system of official rapine; and thus salutary advice, tendered in a most amicable spirit, has been disregarded up to the present time.

The foundation for the demand made by the Moorish sultan regarding the Madrid Conference lies in the extent to which foreign consular interference is practised in connection with his subjects.

His Shereefian Majesty complains that in his dominion there exists now an *im-*

perium in imperio composed of natives, often men of the vilest character, who have purchased from foreign officials what is called protection—that is to say, the purchaser secures for the time being the status, together with the rights, of a subject, under some Christian power represented at Tangier. These *protégés*, as they are called, are to a large extent native Jews, from which body the interpreters and other subordinate officials of the legations and consulates are chiefly selected. It is somewhat significant that while those persons give their services without payment, or on nominal salaries, they frequently contrive to amass considerable fortunes; and if the public voice in Tangier speaks truly, foreign officials, sometimes drawing scanty pay, supplement their incomes by employing Jewish subordinates as agents in money-lending or other affairs of a business nature.

The educated Jew of England is often one who, having received a liberal education, follows with integrity an honorable career; an excellent citizen, and animated by a patriotic feeling of regard for the land of his adoption, he gains the goodwill or respect of his Christian associates, and is welcomed in their society. Between an individual of this class, however, and the typical Barbary Jew there must be, it stands to reason, a vast difference. The descendants of those expelled from Palestine, and later from Spain, have lived for centuries in a state of oppression. In the cities they are confined to a separate quarter composed of filthy slums; they must walk bare-footed in passing before the mosques, and they are looked upon with contempt by the surrounding Mohammedan population. Living in a state of isolation from civilizing influences, the Morocco Jews have sunk low under the debasing consequences of ignorance and superstition; their moral character is recognized as very bad by their co-religionists of Europe; and the north African Hebrews have probably been saved from extinction only by the natural intelligence peculiar to their race, and the tendency they have always displayed towards forming amongst themselves close communities governed by distinct laws and administered by officials chosen from their own body. It may thus be said that the Israelites of Morocco are divided into two divisions: those who have become *protégés* of Christian powers, and those who live under the direct government of the sultan. The first class, thoroughly understanding how to make themselves useful in pecuni-

ary and other matters to the foreign officials protecting them, use their position to carry on a career of rapine of which the unprotected Mohammedan population are the victims. The second class are simply subjects of the native government, and a large portion of the commerce of the country is in their hands. Of late years their condition has been ameliorated, owing to the influence of the Alliance Israelite of Paris and the Jewish Board of Deputies of London; good schools have been established on the European principle in the coast towns as well as in some cities of the interior; and education, while destroying the ill-effects of ignorance and superstition, will, it is much to be hoped, tend to elevate from its present thoroughly degraded state the moral character of the Moorish Jew.

The chief abuse connected with the *protégé* system, that, also, which entails most oppression and injustice, consists in what is known as the manufacture of false pecuniary claims. The transactions are conducted as follows: In Morocco the law requires that all documents connected with business of a commercial or money-lending nature, the transfer of land or property, etc., must be drawn up by notaries or *adools*, as they are called; but amongst this class there is, unfortunately, a large proportion who will, if paid sufficiently, draw up fraudulent papers, showing one man to be indebted to another, though there may never have been any matter whatever of a business nature between them.

In some cases the *protégé* collects a quantity of these spurious documents, representing large sums of money supposed to be due to him by different people, who may be the objects of his malice or cupidity, and then it is only requisite for him to induce the minister or consul who has given the protection to press the Moorish authorities for payment of the claims. If the representative be an upright man, if he understands the native language, and has sufficient experience of Morocco to comprehend the real nature of affairs of this kind, he may reject the claim at once. In that case the *protégé* makes an arrangement by which he transfers the demand to the protected subject of some other power whose representative may be more ignorant or less scrupulous. It can be understood that the minister or consul may be in reality one who would himself shrink from doing a dishonest or oppressive action; but he may be unacquainted with the country; he may be completely dependent on his interpreter

and other native subordinate for information, and these very men may be themselves partners with the protégé in his attempt at extortion.

Besides this, the document, grossly fraudulent as it is, may have all the appearance of legality; it may be drawn up in due form, signed by two notaries, and by the *cadi* or native judge; so it may be extremely difficult for the representative of consul to detect the falsity, always remembering that he may be depending entirely on his native interpreter and other subordinate (in receipt of no salaries or nominal ones) for information on the subject, which is given in whatever manner they see fit. It thus often happens that protégé claims for large amounts are forwarded to the native authorities, and payment demanded. But now comes the most infamous part of the system. On receiving the notification from a foreign representative, it is the custom of the Moorish functionaries to arrest, and without any form of trial to imprison, the unfortunate creature who may be, and very often is, the victim of disgraceful fraud; he is denied all investigation, nor has he any means of making his complaints heard by the outer world.

It is also a positive, and disgraceful fact that as long as the claimant is a consular protégé of a Christian power, he is not confronted with the alleged debtor, who thus remains in a filthy, unwholesome dungeon, often with heavy iron fetters on his legs, and at night chained by the neck to other unhappy debtors, as well as with murderers, robbers, and persons guilty of every species of detestable crime, until he pays the demand made on him, or until death, more merciful than the protégé under a Christian flag, releases the miserable being from his persecutor.

On one occasion, when travelling in the interior, I visited one of the native prisons, and saw sixteen men fastened together in one group. Each prisoner had a heavy iron collar round his neck; a massive iron chain passed through the collar, and was secured at the end by a stout padlock. The men were of various ages, from a lad of about eighteen to a grey-haired man; and I was struck with the fact that none of them had the appearance of a criminal. On inquiring for what reason they were thus treated, I was informed that claims had been made against them by Jews under *Christian protection*. Native Jewish money-lenders also make use of the evil system, for the purpose of carrying on the practice of usury, which is largely

prevalent in Morocco; but the usurer, not content with sixty or eighty per cent., frequently sends in his claim through the consulate which protects him, demanding again the entire sum, after the whole or part has been paid. It is difficult to understand the full extent of the faulty administration of Moorish law; but it is absolutely true that, in consequence of suits of this nature, men are, as in the former case, thrown into prison, without being given a chance of refuting the debt, or proving payment in part, or in whole. I myself have seen, in different prisons through Morocco, numbers of men who had been thus imprisoned without trial. They only demanded an investigation into their cases, as they asserted that in some instances the claims on which they were imprisoned were altogether false; in others that they had paid the native protégés sums of money for which the plaintiffs were at the time detained in their filthy dungeons.

It would be impossible to describe fully within the limits of this article the varied and infamous systems of chicanery charged against the consular protégés; but a few cases in point may be given. In different localities throughout the Moorish Empire, periodical markets are held. These are largely attended by the cultivators of the soil, who come there to sell the produce of their farms, consisting of grain, wool, cattle, etc. The traders who purchase at the sales or *socos*, as they are called, are recruited in a great measure from the class of protected Jews who buy for exportation or to sell by retail. It is the custom in Morocco to dispose of merchandise at these country fairs by auction, the goods being handed over to the highest bidder. The protégé, however, with a keen eye to buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, outbids the other competitors; he then waits till the close of the day, pretends to examine the lots he has purchased, which he declares to be of inferior quality or not worth the sum he bid for them, and refuses to pay. By this time the poor cultivator has lost his chance of disposing to any one else; the people have dispersed; and he is forced to accept any terms he can get. Perhaps he is pressed by the exactions of the local pasha; he may be in urgent need of money to carry on the business of his farm; he has no alternative but to submit. Now, it may be asked, has the victim of this disgraceful fraud no redress? None whatever. The local *kaid*s or governors who administer justice as magis-

trates dare not, and indeed have no power to, interfere with a consular protégé, of whom, we may say, the native functionaries stand in abject terror. It has happened over and over again that on complaints being made by natives who had secured the support of a foreign nation, requests for indemnities have been forwarded to the sultan by different representatives in Tangier, and the Moorish government, being too weak to resist, has got out of the difficulty by ordering the Mohammedan employé to pay the sum demanded. Is it wonderful, then, that the native functionary has a wholesome dread of embroiling himself with one so powerful and unscrupulous as the Hebrew under Christian protection?

Another plan for accumulating a certain amount of money without labor, without risk, and with a very moderate outlay, is as follows: A native Jew, we will suppose, is under the protection of a representative who may not be experienced in Moorish affairs, or who, for reasons best known to himself, may not wish to scrutinize very closely claims presented to him by the Israelites whom he protects. The enterprising protégé looks about amongst his unprotected neighbors for men who have the unlucky reputation of being well off, and who at the same time are advanced in years. For a trifling fee the Jew arranges with native notaries to execute documents representing sums due to him by his neighbors above mentioned. Care is taken that everything has the appearance of legality; perhaps, even, the protégé may engage in some minor legitimate transaction with those whose wealth he covets, in order to give color to his subsequent acts; he may be a trader, and so arrange his books as to corroborate the fraudulent documents which, when made out in due form, are laid aside for the time being. In the course of time one of the elderly men, to gain possession of whose money the plot has been so cleverly woven, dies. Then the document is produced; payment is demanded; the heir to the deceased's estate is called upon to defray the amount; and the claim is perhaps supported by the protégé's official patron, who may possibly not have the least idea that the demand is other than just and proper.

A very pressing question has now arisen: What is to be done with Morocco? The subject might be narrowed into the question: How is the difficulty regarding the strategical character of Tangier to be settled? The danger is ever present — and a very serious danger it is to us —

that some strong power, taking advantage of a European complication, might swoop down suddenly on the Moorish port, occupy the adjacent heights, and then, when too late, we should find our position in the Mediterranean at a very positive disadvantage, or even peril, which might have been avoided by ordinary foresight and by carrying out a firm, common-sense policy.

There is one solution of this Moorish question which would appear to present fewer obstacles, and to reconcile international jealousies more, than any other. This is the neutralization of Tangier. Were the port and the elevated coast line before mentioned, extending from the north-western point of Morocco to Ceuta, declared neutral, and administered by delegates of the chief European powers and the United States, after the manner of the Danube Commission, no single nationality would have any undue preponderance, and the passage through the Straits would be open to all. No doubt, there would arise some serious difficulties to be grappled with; but they would not be insuperable, and would only be of a nature common to any diplomatic arrangement of the kind. It is highly probable that France and Spain, for instance, would prefer a continuance of the *status quo* to a settlement of this difficulty on the lines suggested; as these two nations, no doubt, cling to the hope that each may have, at a future period, undivided power in Morocco; but it ought to be in the power of diplomatic action to overcome such obstacles, and to leave both States no reasonable ground of complaint. The ultimate fate of the Moorish Empire at large must be a matter of pure conjecture; but in the event of a crisis, which may arise at any moment, it would be well for our government to be prepared to act while there is yet time. It must be carefully borne in mind how great is the necessity for guarding the entrance to the Mediterranean, which forms, at the same time, the main artery of our enormous commerce and the highroad to our empire in Asia.

In February, 1886, at a time when the Moorish Empire was to a certain extent engaging diplomatic attention, an article under the title of "The Germans and French in Morocco" appeared in the *Times*. The statements made so clearly expose the evil working of the diplomatic system carried on in Tangier as to the origin of abuses, the consequences of which have made themselves felt to a lamentable degree, that the following ex-

tract will assist the reader to form a correct judgment of the circumstances:—

With a want of foresight and a fatuity almost incredible, considering the interests at stake, successive French Governments have neglected the most obvious measures for advancing the true interests of their country in Morocco, and in no instance has this been more fully displayed than by the unfortunate selection of their representatives in Tangier. For more than a quarter of a century the diplomatic Ministers, on arrival, found themselves among a people with whose language, manners, and customs they were totally unacquainted, and, with a few exceptions, the subordinate *employés* were equally ignorant. True, some of the higher officials were occasionally men by no means destitute of capacity; but in order to deal successfully with the tortuous policy of wily Orientals special training and knowledge are requisite, both of which were, unfortunately, conspicuous by their absence in the French Legation. In fact, the pernicious system, so common to the Latin races, of placing men in responsible positions on account of family or personal considerations, or as a reward for political services, to the exclusion of intrinsic merit, was followed to the fullest extent in this country, and the evil effects of the system are now making themselves felt.

In some of the Legations, as in the case of the French, for example, the position of dragoman—a corruption of the word “*tergeman*”: “*Anglice*, interpreter—is held by some person, usually a native of the country represented, and this official’s services are supposed to be made use of in diplomatic negotiations or matters of a confidential nature with the native government or officials. On the other hand, the interpreter is a native, and it is intended that his functions should extend only to matters of a commercial nature or those of minor importance. In some cases a native is employed both as dragoman and interpreter, either without any direct payment or on a very small one. In former years the position of French dragomans was occasionally filled by men well fitted for their posts; at other times, owing to want of capacity or failure in character, the selection was by no means a fortunate one. Be the cause what it may, however, one thing is distinctly apparent—native influence became predominant in the Legation, and with extremely ill effects to French interests.

It is manifest that when the chief of a department is absolutely ignorant of the language spoken by the inhabitants of the country in which he is employed, he must, as a consequence, fall more or less into the hands of his interpreter, who may represent a case in which ever way coincides with his own private interests. It becomes, therefore, of the utmost importance that official interpreters should be selected with the greatest care, that their status and character should be above suspicion,

and that they should receive salaries large enough to place them beyond the reach of temptation. Again, the duties of the Legation interpreter in Morocco, as in many Oriental countries, involve an amount of responsibility almost equal to that of the minister himself. The interpreter may be the medium through which negotiations of a most delicate nature are carried on between the Legation and the native government, or he may be called on to exercise his official duties in disputes and monetary questions of the greatest importance arising between natives and the European subjects of the Legation. Now, it is most unfortunate for the cause of justice and humanity that in the Tangier diplomatic and Consular departments the interpreters almost without an exception receive merely nominal salaries, and therefore they enter on their duties with the full intention of taking advantage of their official position to realize comfortable incomes. Nor does the evil end even here. The practice of giving, or, rather, selling, protections is very common in Tangier—that is to say, natives on payment of a certain sum of money to some official are made *protégés*, and enjoy the same rights as citizens of the nation which protects them. The system leads to great abuse, as the subordinate *employés* and hangers-on of the different legations and consulates are selected from the class of native *protégés*, who are generally ignorant men, and often persons of base and most dishonorable character. A creature of this description, having by some means secured the good-will of a Minister or Consul, finds himself in the enjoyment of a very limited salary, but invested with a most disproportionate amount of power, and this he seldom scruples to use for his own private and dishonest ends. The whole system is thoroughly bad in its working and results, for it can be easily understood that the native *protégé* can have no feeling of patriotism for the country which protects him, and he merely uses his position to carry out a system of tyranny and oppression, of which the luckless unprotected native is the victim.

Of course, in cases where the Minister is well acquainted with the language and habits of the people, he may reduce to a minimum the above evil if he desires to do so; but in the case of the French the native *employés* for many years past have had full power to direct the local authorities to arrest, imprison, and plunder any one the accuser wished. Thus a *protégé*, actuated either by malice or avarice, had nothing further to do than to lodge an accusation, no matter of how unfounded and monstrous a nature, against the native he desired to injure or ruin, and the accused was at once sent to prison, where he remained until he could make terms with his persecutor. This power has been freely used, grossly abused, and with disastrous results to the good name and prestige of the French in Morocco.

At last, but late in the day, the government in Paris awakened to the idea that things were

not quite right in the Tangier Legation. In fact, they were very bad—much worse than the powers had any idea of. So M. Féraud was sent to assume the reins of office, and some other changes of a beneficial nature were made in the *personnel* of the *employés*. The present French minister, owing to a long official career in Algeria, is thoroughly conversant with the language of the people in this country; he understands their feelings, and has the reputation of being able, zealous, and intelligent. His influence has certainly so far done something to check the abuses which were so common under the rule of his predecessor, and if he has not effected all which was expected it must be remembered that he inherited a formidable legacy of mismanagement extending over a lengthy period. In fact, M. Féraud's administration has been an improvement on former ones; but he would have done better if he had sent about their business some of the vile native harpies who still infest the Legation, and whose conduct in plundering and oppressing other unfortunate natives has already proved so detrimental to the interests of his country. The French have certainly had a golden opportunity of extending their influence in Morocco; and had a sound, common-sense policy prevailed, their government would have utilized the exceptional advantages it possessed in the proximity of Algeria. In fact, by this time Morocco would have gradually glided into the position of a State nominally independent, but practically dependent on and protected by France. If it was the end and aim of French policy in Morocco to terrify and domineer over, the native population, to assert in an exaggerated form the *Civis-Romanussum* principle by allowing the native protected rascality free to plunder and oppress, then that policy has been universally successful; but if the policy was intended to conciliate the native population, or to induce an impression that the French were able and willing to introduce an enlightened, just, and benevolent rule in place of the infamous native Government, it is certain that this policy has distinctly failed. The ignorance, apathy, and culpable carelessness of French officials, many of whom would themselves have shrunk from any deliberate act of cruelty and injustice, are responsible for a system under which the best interests of France have been diplomatically neglected, and which has completely alienated the goodwill and respect of the Moorish people. Indeed, the acts of French *protégés* and subordinates have caused the French name to be regarded with feelings of horror and detestation by those who, had a different policy been observed, would have looked up to it with confidence and veneration.

If the French have not understood their business, the Germans displayed much greater foresight. Some ten or twelve years ago the value of the resources as well as the strategical importance of Morocco were taken into full consideration in Berlin, and Mr. Weber

was despatched as diplomatic agent, with the title of Minister Resident, to Tangier in 1875, from which date German influence has been distinctly in the ascendant. This representative exercised diplomatic functions in Syria for many years; he is an Orientalist, and is a proficient in Arabic. Thoroughly understanding the native character, the late German Minister made himself respected here, by both the native official and unofficial classes, while cases of cruelty and extortion, as practised by German subjects or *protégés*, are absolutely unknown. Most assuredly were any case of the kind to be brought to light it would at once meet with the severest punishment. Thus the simple fact that an able and conscientious representative was selected as Minister in Tangier has conferred on the German government an amount of influence now second to none in the Empire. This influence the French, by their short-sighted policy, have failed to establish during the long period since 1682, when Louis XIV. first opened diplomatic negotiations with Morocco.

These statements indicate only too clearly the singularly short-sighted nature of the French policy in Morocco, and the inherent defects of French officialism. In fact, it is a notorious habit of French colonial policy all over the world, in all cases of dispute between Frenchmen and foreigners, to decide the question on the ground of nationality alone, apart from all consideration of right and justice. This is the recognized way of "fostering French interests." *Protégés* and subjects of France, men of very low position, have for many years past, as petty traders or employés, been carrying on a career of shameless extortion, and it is a positive fact that in these practices they have been amply sustained by the very influence which should have been used to repress the acts it countenanced. Persons employed in the consular service are generally most inadequately paid, and amongst these men there is naturally a strong temptation to eke out their narrow incomes by indirect and improper methods. The members of the European community in Morocco (outside the official circle) belong chiefly to the petty trading class, and are not subject to the Moorish jurisdiction. The law as regards foreigners is administered by the various consulates and legations in the case of their own subjects only, and thus, in the absence of a healthy public opinion or of any efficient legal check, a degree of corruption exists which in a properly organized state could have no existence.

If the policy above indicated has been carried out by French officials under the

idea of advancing the interests of their country, no more egregious error could have been committed. While a few French subjects, men not always of the best character, and many native protégés usually of extremely bad character, have individually benefited by a course of protected rapine, a sentiment of hatred has been implanted in the minds of the Moors, which will not be dispelled for generations. It is true that M. Féraud, the late minister, and M. Patenotre, the present representative, have done much to check the past evil policy, and to cleanse the Augean stable bequeathed to them by certain highly incapable predecessors; but the results of a long course of diplomatic error are not easily eradicated, and the loss to France is most probably irreparable. Her flag has been disgraced, her prestige has been lowered, justice and humanity have been outraged, the affections of a people whose confidence could have been easily secured have been alienated, and the opportunity of gaining a territory incomparably more important to France than all her foreign possessions put together has been lost. Altogether, the damage sustained by French interests is enormous, and it is possible that the amount has never yet been realized by the government of the republic. On the other side of the account, the sole gain which appears is that by most infamous proceedings fortunes have been acquired by a good many low adventurers and protected natives, of whose acts, if only the real facts were known, every educated and honorable Frenchman would feel thoroughly ashamed.

Algeria has sometimes been called the Opera Box of France, having proved an extremely costly possession, and until lately a serious drain on the national resources. If Morocco had become annexed to the Algerian territory, it might, with good reason, have been called the Bank of France; for, with its boundless mineral and agricultural resources, its healthy climate, its varied products, and advantageous geographical position, it would have yielded enormous returns to the application of enterprise and the expenditure of French capital. The mines of Morocco, numerous and rich as they are, are as yet practically undeveloped; but it should be observed that the native government claims mineral deposits as exclusively State property, individual land owners having no more proprietary right than that of building on and cultivating the soil. It will thus be seen that the first civilized

nation which may be lucky enough to acquire the rich Moorish prize will find ready at hand an enormous amount of latent wealth to draw on for the purpose of organizing a settled government and promoting necessary public works.

CHARLES ROLLESTON.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

FROM A COUNTRY PARSONAGE.

MY father had two hobbies, to which he was about equally attached. He was a great entomologist in his way, and wrote tracts on temperance. So far as I know he was the first and the only one of our family that had advocated total abstinence from fermented liquor. It was certainly not because he was morally weak that he adopted this principle, but rather to set a good example to his parishioners. Intemperance was not one of the prominent weaknesses of the dale, but it must be confessed that one or two of the yeomen came home tipsy as certainly as they visited Greytown on market day. As to the entomology, there was always abundant proof of this at home. In summer and autumn rare moths and butterflies were pinned to the dining-room curtains in very great abundance, to our infinite delight and our poor mother's slight irritation. My father, I believe, added two or three insects to the then known British species, and one which was new to science. This was called after our name by one of the great scientists, and we all felt very proud at what we thought the distinction conferred upon us. I am bound to say, however, that I have never yet seen the same in print, nor have my brothers, although we have often tried to find it. One of our red-letter days was when a copy of the *Transactions* of a learned society arrived at our home, and contained a list of insects of our valley, written by my father. We all of us felt very proud, as in assisting my father we felt that part of the distinction belonged to us. We read the learned paper with its hard names many times over, and especially a little postscript attached to it by the editor of the review. This learned man remarked that the list was an exceedingly complete one; that it was evidently from a district rich in insect life; and finally held it up for imitation, urging upon others to do conscientiously for their districts what my father had done for ours, and concluded by pointing out that in this way the cause of science could

best be served. There was only one thing to damp our pleasure, which was that, instead of appending his name, my father had merely written his initials. As I have said, we were disappointed, and told my father that the list, so far as the signature went, might have been compiled by any one, and that he had robbed himself of half the honor. He answered that in what he had written he had endeavored to add his mite to science, and in this he had his reward. And so we were silenced. Loving natural history as he did, my father encouraged each of us to take up some branch of it. He impressed upon us, too, the necessity of close and accurate observation, and said that, if we were to excel beyond our fellows, we ought each to have a specialty, and pursue it with a great ardor.

I do not think the farmers set much store by our studies in natural history, and I believe some of them held us in rather slight contempt for pursuing them. What practical good could come of it? Was it going to bring us our bread? And because our neighbors could not find answers within themselves to these self-imposed questions our pet projects were both mercilessly reviewed and summarily condemned. We were illustrative of types of mental weakness out of which no good thing could be expected to come. In after years I knew exactly what they thought of us, for I found their very ideas incorporated in the "Ingoldsby Legends." And when I read them I saw our own pictures start up visibly before me:—

Still poking his nose into this thing or that,
At a gnat, or a bat, or a rat, or a cat,
Or great ugly things, all legs and wings,
With nasty long tails armed with nasty long
stings.

Or take this other description of the popular verdict against us, for it is even more succinct:—

He would pore by the hour o'er a weed or a
flower,
Or the slugs which came crawling out after a
shower;
Black-beetles and bumble-bees, bluebottle flies,
And moths were of no small account in his
eyes;
An industrious flea he'd by no means despise;
While an old daddy longlegs, whose long legs
and thighs
Passed the common in shape, or in color, or
size,
He was wont to consider an absolute prize.

But this scant justice which our early studies obtained did us little harm. My

father was always ready to lend us his ready sympathy and knowledge, and my dear mother expressed herself pleased that we seemed to have such a fondness for nature. Nothing but good could come of it, she thought; and I well remember her saying she could not understand how any one with a deep love of the works of the Creator in his heart could ever become quite depraved.

The members of our family, however, were not the only naturalists that the valley had produced. So rich was it in natural objects, that I am fully convinced most of the yeomen were naturalists themselves without knowing it. Although they never set anything down on paper, they were keen observers, and I have heard them describe in the most interesting way the various *traits* of the live creatures they met. But two or three had been born in the dale at long intervals who had afterwards distinguished themselves in science. One of these was John Wilson. Wilson was born and lived in the dale, and we were very proud to think that he wrote the first great work on English botany. This worthy man came upon the scene when botany, in its best sense, had made but little progress. He was one of those naturalists who did much to place the science on the broad scientific basis upon which it now rests. His predecessors had mostly comprehended the subject as it taught them of the herbs and simples of the wood,—

Rue, cinque-foil, gill, vervain, and agrimony,
Blue-vetch and trillium, hawk-weed, sassafra,
Milkweeds and murky brakes, quaint pipes
and sundew.

Like his predecessors, too, he clung fondly to the old English names, and loved to wrap about the flowers the attributes his fathers had done. Their knowledge of "herbalism" had been profound, but he would have none of it. Wilson was a truly remarkable man; and although there is all that intenseness and simplicity anent his dealings with nature that there had been in connection with the old workers who preceded him, yet his work is of an eminently scientific character. They were not always infallible observers, and frequently tripped in their facts; Wilson rarely did so. He found botany as a science a veritable maze, all without a plan; but at his death he left it somewhat systematized. I have said that Wilson was born in our valley, and may add that he came of pious yeomen folk, who were poor enough, except in the possession of many

stern virtues. The primitive dale must have proved a very paradise to him, as it was so secluded, and certainly had never been invaded by science prior to his coming. This pleasant environment did not last long. In the fulness of his boyish enthusiasm he roamed over the hills like a partridge. The very isolation referred to, and which was a merit in one way, rendered the people a prey to the grossest superstition. Our botanist made long, lonely journeys, often at night, among the hills and woods and by the sea. The fell folk said that the nightly calling which took him so far afield *might* be honest; but they shook their heads, and some even ventured to say that he was a "wise man" — a dealer in mysteries, and given to dark sayings. It was probably this evil repute which gathered around him, and the want of books, that caused him to leave the dale and go to a small market town about ten miles off. And, maybe, this enforced circumstance was well. He had studied long and hard in his native valley, and there had had abundant and rare material. At home he had only an old "Herbal," which he well knew was as full of inaccuracies as superstition. Now he had good guides, and found himself within reach of the best books on the subject, and came into connection with those who had like interests to himself. Some of these were really remarkable workers — workers who stood out far above the common run of men. They put before Wilson the then standard works of his own pet subject, and of the contents of these, with his already acquired knowledge and native understanding, he quickly made himself master. But none of the works to which he had access were so good as the one he was destined to write. They were styled "scientific;" but the first law of science is order, and, as yet, there was only chaos. Our botanist was the great mind born to perceive and exhibit such order from the then ascertained elements of botany so far as collected. I need only further say that Wilson labored hard for many years, working at his book the while he pursued his trade. When it was published it came out in English, and not in Latin. The author had set out with a well-defined plan, and executed it in an admirable manner. It was a strong and original work, a very monument of accurate observation and the genius of hard work. The botanist's early wanderings among the fells were stamped upon every page, and Wilson was wont to say that he never could have succeeded without that early life which he loved so

well. And so our greatest "worthy" produced his "Synopsis of British Plants."

I have already said something of our studies in natural history, and also of the desire which my father had that we should each take up some specialty instead of working indiscriminately. He knew from experience how many a keen intellect had rusted, shut out as it was among the isolation of the hills. If ever that fate should be ours, as it had been his, he felt that by encouraging us in some scientific study he had done what he could to guard against the breeding of ennui, and that the science, whichever we might take up, would teach us the habits of close and accurate observation. My father knew little of birds, but in his diary he kept records of the arrival and departure of the rarer summer visitors; and, speaking for myself, it was these entries and the observations which they suggested that first interested me in ornithology. From that time I have always taken an intense interest in birds. I propose to set down here a very short account of those that visited our valley, and I must sketch one or two of its main physical characteristics. These are essential to the better understanding of the subject. It is hemmed in on three sides, and on the south sweeps away and loses itself in the undulations of a wooded plain. An arm of the sea touches upon the confines of the plain, and thus it will be seen that the dale includes tracts of a very diversified nature. It is probably this that makes the woods and streams and meadows of the valley so rich in bird life, and the fact of the quietude of the spot being rarely broken.

Owing to the close proximity of the hills, the *Raptores* have always been the most prominent birds of the valley. They are not so common now as formerly, though the sparrow-hawk may still be seen in the woodlands, and the kestrel holds its own among the rocks of the scaurs. The beautiful circling kites have left Gled Hill, and the merlin falcon has flown, never more to return. Occasionally an osprey visits the still mountain tarns on migration, and ravens cross from moor to moor, uttering their dismal "Croak, croak, croak!" The old dismantled hall has its pair of screech-owls, and the tawny owl makes night mournful by her hooting in the stiller woods. The more rare long-eared and short-eared owls are occasionally found on the lower-lying mosses which skirt the waters of the brackish creek. The great grey shrike, or butcher-bird, visits the copses which are likely to

provide food for its larder, and I have found the red-backed species among the hedges which encircle the moat of an old lichened tower. The spotted and pied flycatchers come to us as our first summer visitants, the former being much more common than the latter. They establish themselves everywhere along the trout streams, obtaining food from the insects of the overhanging boughs. The pretty white-breasted dipper, or water crow, haunts our rocky stream, and early builds its nest along the Greenwash tributaries. Companion of the ouzel is the brightly plumaged kingfisher, with its metallic tints. You hear its whistle far down stream; it comes through the old ivied bridge, darts past, and is gone—gone to the dripping moss by the waterfall, where the female halcyon is hatching her eggs. The song-thrush is everywhere, and often in spring several may be heard at once, filling the whole glade with their warblings. Of the other thrushes, the "orange-billed merle" floods the copse with its mellow song on summer evenings. The blackbird stays about our hedgerows the whole of the year, so does the misselthrush; while the field-fare and the redwing come to our holly-berries in winter from the pine wastes of Norway. The ring-ouzel still holds its own among the fell "becks," and there trills out its weird and not unmusical song. The hedge accentor, the redbreast, and the redstart are common, the last coming to us in April to rear its young. It is quite the most beautiful of the warblers, and its brilliant plumage shows well against the sombre hues of the limestone.

It is now that so many other of the *Sylviadae* come—the soft-billed warblers of the woodbird kind. Among these are the stone-chat, whinchat, and wheatear. The first—a shy bird of the Common—builds its nest among the gorse; the second in like situations, or among broom or juniper bushes; while the wheatear lays its pale-blue eggs in some old crannied wall. Then come the willow, wood, and garden warblers—the white-throat, the sedgebird, and the blackcaps. The sedge and willow warblers have their nests hung among the aquatic plants of the tarns and meres, and their game preserves in the stalks and leaves of the waving grasses. Sweetest of woodbirds are the warblers, and sweetest songster of the choir the blackcap warbler. This bird is sometimes called the "mock nightingale," and we have known persons listening, as they believed, to Philomela when the blackcap was the only bird under the night. The

nightingale has never extended its northern haunt to our valley, although it is difficult to ascertain why this should be so. The whole of the warblers and white-throats may be found in our more sheltered woods where they breed after the first weeks of May. The old Honey-bee Woods have always been the chief haunt of these delicate songsters.

Owing to the number of larch and fir plantations which border the slopes of our valley, the family of tits has always been represented. The first of these is the golden-crested regulus, the smallest of British birds, though by no means the rarest. The crested wren, the great, blue, cole, marsh, and long-tailed tits are all of them common. This miniature family of acrobats disperse themselves over their breeding haunts in summer, nesting for the most part in holes in trees, but in winter scour the woods in companies in search of food. Often they may be seen, hanging head downwards, abstracting the seeds from the hardened cones. Flocks of Bohemian waxwings are sometimes shot during the severity of winter, and occasionally chattering crossbills appear among the pines at the same season. The pied and grey wagtails stay with us throughout the year; while a third species comes to our creeks in April, and thence proceeds inland. The meadow and tree pipit we have, the latter in autumn leaving the vicinities of farmsteads, where it breeds, for warmer climes. In summer the skylark is everywhere common, the sweet-singing woodlark rare. The snowflake, or mountain bunting, is a little northern visitor which comes to our fell slopes in winter. The common and yellow buntings have their nests among the tangled herbage of the roadsides, and the black-headed bunting, or reed-sparrow, is everywhere common in the vicinity of water. Owing to the better cultivation of the valley "intacks" the goldfinch has become almost extinct. The bullfinch, the greenfinch, and the chaffinch are common everywhere, and more than half the bird-sounds one hears in summer are due to the last named. The beautiful mountain finch, or brambling, is rare. Linnets and siskins go through life together, ranging the fields in search of cress and wild mustard seed. In summer they are among the broom, in winter among the fallows. At the same season we frequently find the lesser redpole among the nut-tree tops, though its relative, the twite, keeps to higher ground. The peregrine and the carrion-crow are much more rare than formerly, as is also

the hooded crow; their haunts, too, are getting farther and farther away. Rooks, jackdaws, and magpies are everywhere on the increase, though this can hardly be said of the jay and the wryneck. The garrulous blue jay is confined to a few oak copses, and the wryneck to one belt of wood. The little mouselike creeper and the wren have protection in their diminutiveness, and consequently abound. The hoopoe is also an occasional visitant, and has been more than once taken. The lap of May brings that wandering voice, the cuckoo, which has been preceded, a few days, by the sweet birds of return—the swallows, martins, and swifts. The nightjar, or goatsucker, follows a few days later, and flies immediately to the coppice woods, preferring those where huge slabs of limestone pave the ground, as on these the birds love to bask, and between their crevices lay their eggs. The ringdove and the rockdove haunt the woods, though the turtle dove comes but rarely. The semi-domestic pheasant flourishes only under protection, though the more hardy partridge has her oak-leaf nest under the glowing gorse bushes in every congenial situation. The indigenous red grouse is common on the moors, the blackcock rare. Occasionally the timid quail rears her brood amid the long summer grass. The bittern has ceased to boom in the bog, but the gaunt heron still pursues his solitary trade. From “pond to pond he roams, from moor to moor.” The beautiful golden plover stays with us on its way to the more northern hills; and the common green plover, peewit, or lapwing, breeds everywhere over the fallows. The curlew still gives out its weird whistle on the fells, and hovers around the farm lights on stormy nights. The rare ruff and the green sandpiper occasionally come to the mosses by the Greenwash; and here in winter may be heard the wild clangor and cries of innumerable sea birds.

Our valley is as rich in its plant life as in its birds, and I will here set down some account of its floral treasures. Then, again, it may be interesting to the botanist to know what flowers really grow in a valley which produced certainly the greatest botanist of his time. Of course I refer to Wilson; though before I proceed I may say that these flowers are those of a summer, and the prominent ones that are seen in the dale. Among the most quaint and curious of our summer wild flowers, both in device and life history, are the orchids. And this order is nowhere better represented than here. Many of them are late-

flowering plants, but early summer has five species of its own. First blooms the spotted or purple orchis, and soon follow the bird's-nest, fly, palmate, marsh, and great butterfly orchids. The fly orchis is a somewhat remarkable plant, and it requires no stretch of imagination to see in the leaves the resemblance to the insect from which it derives its name. Its flower is dark purple, and may be found growing in copses and on hedgebanks. “The nether parte of the fly is black, with a list of ash color crossing the backe, with a shewe of legges hanging at it; the naturall fly seemeth so to be in love with it that you shall seldome come in the heate of the daie but you shall find one sitting close thereon.” The butterfly orchis is not a well-named species, and has but slight resemblance to the winged creature whose name it bears. Its flowers are creamy white, and at night emit a sweet perfume. This being so, it is interesting to know that this particular flower is fertilized only by night-flying moths. Among the more general flowers of the season is crosswort, growing in pretty golden clusters on every bit of neglected ground. Side by side with this is the tiny pink valerian, everywhere nestling under the moister meadow banks. One of our handsomest weeds is the globe flower—a rare and cultivated plant in many districts, but here growing wild. Wherever it flourishes its delicate yellow globe-like flowers enliven the surrounding greenery. In times gone by globe flowers were gathered with great festivity by youths of both sexes in the beginning of June, and it was usual to see them return from the woods of an evening laden with these flowers, with which they made wreaths and garlands to adorn their houses. The old floral usages of the country—the flower strewings and well dressings, the decking of houses and churches with wreaths—are now nearly over, and even the garlands of May-day become fewer each year. Cow-wheat is a pretty, delicate plant, with long, tubular, pale-yellow flowers. Cows are fond of it, and Linnaeus asserts that the best and yellowest butter is made where it abounds. There is a popular error respecting the large family of buttercups, to the effect that when these are most plentiful butter will be yellowest. But cows, on account of the acidity of the flowers, rarely eat them, and tufts may be seen still standing when the grass about them and over all the pasture is closely cropped. This northern valley is one of the spots where the handsome columbine grows wild, but

even here its distribution is local. The large blue, white, or pink petals have each incurred spurs, and the flower acquires its name from the fanciful resemblance to a nest of doves.

As summer advances she deepens her color and renders sweeter her breath. And so it happens that the wild flowers now blooming have brightly colored corollas, and lend a richness of beauty to the surrounding foliage almost peculiar to the season. Prominent among these are the foxglove, trailing woodbine, guelder-rose, iris, golden rod, giant bell-flower, and many others. But there are marvellously beautiful plumes—flowers we usually pass unnoticed on account of their diminutiveness—which, examined with the aid of a lens, show a wondrous witchery of structure. They are the grasses. This one, with its soft and hairy head like a brush, is the meadow foxtail. That, with the slender waving purplish flowers, the common field grass—the chief element of the meadows. Then there are the haulms of brome, with large, broad, flat heads, fiercely bearded and standing square to the breeze. And here, again, the sweet vernal grass, which imparts such a delicious odor to newly mown hay. In addition there are fescue, matweed, wild oats, cord grass, darnel, and wagging ben-nets, as well as creeping couch grass, the farmer-loved timothy, quake or dodder, and tares. These are a few of the many British grasses, intermixed with which is red and white clover. Because they find tiny drops of honey in the long corolline tubes, children love to call it honeysuckle. To show how almost inextricably interwoven is the existence of one branch of nature with another, let us take the case of red clover as illustrated by Darwin. The humble-bee is the only insect the proboscis of which is sufficiently long to reach the nectar in the clover flower, and hence only this insect can fertilize it. The number of bees in any one district is dependent upon the number of field-mice, which destroy the combs; the number of field-mice is again dependent upon the number of cats, which, in turn, prey upon them; and hence it may be said that to the domestication of the cat are our large clover crops due.

The giant bell-flower is one of the children of swarthy summer. It grows in moist and shady woods, with its purplish blue or more rarely white petals, and the children call it the Canterbury bell. As eagerly do we look for the first wild rose as for the swallow or cuckoo. In June

every hedgerow is adorned with them, and woodbine twines about their branches. The pink and white roses are among our sweetest summer flowers, and not only beautify the country now, but their bright scarlet fruit in winter relieves the monotony of the hedges and affords food for the birds. In the low-lying and wet woods the guelder-rose, or wayfaring tree, has put on its bloom. Of all floral sweets that emitted by the guelder-rose is the most refreshing. Its flowers hang in graceful white cymes, and are peculiarly wax-like; the drooping clusters of berries are smooth, clean, and bright as rubies. The gold and purple iris of the bogs and tarns is an imposing flower, well set off by its dark-green, sword-like leaves. The honeysuckle, or woodbine, is loved alike by all. Its blossoms are as sweet as beautiful, and just now it is threading its sinuous way through every hedgerow. This was the caprifole and twisted eglantine of the older poets. Generally distributed through the woods in each summer are the wild hyacinths or "blue bells." These cover the floor of every copse, making in places floods of purple. Rarely there may be found white varieties of this beautiful flower, several of which have been gathered in our woods. The flower of the ancients which bore this name had upon its petals dark spots resembling the Greek word *Al*—alas! Our hyacinth, however, having no such distinctive mark, is named *Non Scriptus*—not written. Blooming in hedges and waste places is the ground ivy, with its purple flowers and dark rounded leaves. Primitive botanists considered this plant of great efficacy in many dire diseases, and even now in some rural districts its leaves are dried and used as tea. It emits a pleasant fragrance, and has an aromatic taste. The ripening of the yellow rattle indicates our hay-time, when the hard seeds rattle in the capsules. This blue marsh vetchling is rare in its beauty, and blooms in like places to the silvery grass of Parnassus. Lady's-mantle is the plant whose fringed and rounded leaves always contain a sparkling drop of dew. Deadly nightshade is a rare but fatally poisonous plant, whose dark purple leaves in autumn so much adorn the hedgerows. One of our few climbers is the graceful black bryony, with its picturesque entwining boughs. Its scarlet berries are as inviting as its bright green foliage is cool in summer. The scabious shines through the foliage of the dusty roadside, and in the green lanes tower the stately fox-

gloves. For dignified beauty, for loveliness of form and hue, few English flowers can compete with the foxglove. Houndstongue and dusky cranesbill are rare flowers here, though elsewhere they are not uncommon. Beautiful to our eyes is the little scarlet pimpernel, poor man's weather-glass, or shepherd's barometer. All these names are appropriate, for not only do the flowers close at the approach of rain, but wake and sleep both morning and afternoon at seven and two respectively, with the greatest regularity. The pimpernel is one of the only two scarlet British wild flowers, and is extremely beautiful. It is a low, creeping plant, which trails its delicate stem about the stalks of the scarlet poppy of the cornfields. Enchanter's nightshade, betony, figwort, and the little eyebright all bloom in the valley. This last possesses wonderful virtues of eye-preserving according to the old herbalists, and in rural districts is much used as an eye-wash. The bog-bean, butterwort, and golden rod are all handsome summer flowers, the last a mass of golden blooms mounted on a dense spike. In times past it had repute for the curing of wounds, and old Gerarde says: "It is extolled above all herbs for the stopping of blood, and bath in times past been had in greater estimation and regard than in these daies; for within my remembrance I have known the drie herbe which came from beyond the seas sold for half-a-crown an ounce." Butterwort is a rare and singular bog plant, its leaves having the appearance of being covered with white crystals of hoarfrost; it was formerly used for dyeing the hair yellow.

One of the dalesmen, a yeoman of repute and some standing, was a minute philosopher, and enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Wordsworth. Like Gilbert White, he was in the habit of setting down what he saw going on about him, and all his observations are of the most interesting description. He was essentially an out-door observer, and as he took his facts at first hand from nature there was always a fascinating freshness about them. One of his more ambitious essays at writing was a sketch entitled "The Fisherman: a Character," a production at once quaint and accurate. After describing the varied charms of the valley, its sweet stream, and the way in which he used to ensnare its crimson-spotted, golden-sided trout, and adding that he must not be tempted to dwell on these reminiscences, he goes on to say: "Our present object is an attempt

to describe a somewhat singular character whom we met with lately on a morning walk along the road that skirts the aforesaid stream. We had stayed our steps as usual to contemplate, with ever new delight, the features of the valley, when we observed moving down the stream, from just opposite to where we stood, a certain individual who, though not strictly an angler, may be denominated a fisher of the first magnitude. We had not seen him till he moved, but he had seen us, and shifted his position about a hundred yards down the brook, by the side of which he again planted himself. We have known him long, but not intimately, for he is of shy habits and very chary of all familiar intercourse. We could not but admire his handsome, tall figure as he stood on the bank of the stream, looking into it 'as if he had been conning a book.' He was arrayed in his constant garb—a durable sort of dress, the color of dingy white, or rather approaching to a pale blue. The cut or fashion of this costume he never changes, nor does he often renew it—not oftener, we believe, than once a year, when he gets a new suit.

"Your angler is somewhat of an enthusiast, and pursues his gentle craft with an absorbing interest; but then it is only as a pastime and at suitable seasons, when weather is favorable, when the spring rains have raised the brooks, and dyed their waters with the precious ale-color, and the wind breathes from the mild south; and yet, after all, alas! how often does he return with an empty pannier! How different with our hero. His sport depends not on the fickle seasons; at least he pursues it in all weathers—in the bright sunshine or when the face of heaven is overhung with clouds, in the hot days of summer or when the wind blows from the biting north and the ponds and streams are bound over with plates of ice, he is still at his work fishing, evermore fishing. Indeed, it must be confessed his very living depends upon it. How often have we pitied him in winter, in a severe winter. It is hard to live upon nothing but fish, and, moreover, to have to catch them before you can dine. It is hard, indeed, to be confined to one dish, and to have no other resource, for if that fail, where are you? It is like that Irishman with his potato—when that rots there is famine. But it has been hinted that our friend is not entirely confined to fish, and that he can occasionally eke out his scanty repast with frogs. We shall not deny it. It is probable enough. It is consoling to have

such a resource. In this he but resembles the Frenchman.

"We have said that the angler is an enthusiast, much carried away by his imagination. We have known two or three of this gentle tribe, buoyed up with the hope of sport, set off from our part of the country, walk all the way to Bracken Bridge to try the waters of the silvery Greenwash, and return the same night, after fishing all day, a distance of forty miles, but perhaps not much encumbered by heavy panniers. But if the disciple of Walton is patient and persevering, and takes long rambles in pursuit of his pleasures, we think he is exceeded in every respect by the subject of our description. We believe there is not a tarn or lake, still water with sedgy shore or running brook with sandy bottom, or even dyke or ditch within a radius of ten miles from his home, that is not well known to him, and in which he has not pursued his solitary sport.

"We have been somewhat puzzled whether to class him as gentleman or poacher — for he partakes of the character of both — a kind of hybrid betwixt the two, neither selling his game nor, after serving his own needs, disposing of it in any other way, except feeding his children when he happens to have any, and then only while they are of tender age, for they are soon turned out of the parental shelter, and compelled to seek their own living in the world at large, like himself, by fishing. So has it been with his progenitors, so will it be with his posterity till the end of time. As in the East with the Hindoos, and, in a degree, with other wanderers like himself, as gipsies and potters, his family seem not to have got beyond the system of castes, which, it must be allowed, shows but a low degree of civilization. But still, as he sells not his fish, or stoops to any kind of vulgar labor, so far we must rank him as a gentleman. On the other hand, however, as he cannot be called the owner of a single rood of land or water, and yet presumes to sport wherever it suits him, on the property of gentle or simple, yeoman or squire, without condescending to ask leave of any man, we fear, therefore, as far as this goes, we must consider him a poacher. Moreover, like too many of that lawless profession, he is wretchedly poor, and, laying up nothing for a wet day, he must be often, as we hinted before, sorely beset with his wants. There is something in his looks that makes this too probable — the same lank, meagre figure he always was. Let the season be ever so genial, fish ever so plentiful, it makes no

difference in his personal appearance; he is as thin and spare as ever, with scarcely an ounce of flesh on his bones. He is emphatically one of Pharaoh's lean kine — seems far gone in consumption, almost like the figure of death in the old pictures. It was this thin and haggard appearance that led a fanciful French naturalist to describe him as the very type of misery and famine. We suspect, however, that Mons. Buffon was a little out here, and that our hero has more pleasure in life than he was aware of. His patience and persevering efforts must procure him many a savory meal, and though they do not fatten his ribs, they at least keep him in good working, or rather sporting, order. We trust he will long remain so, and continue to enliven our valley with his presence. Poacher though he be we respect him for his love of freedom and independence, of nature and of fishing. We are certain, however fortune may frown upon him, to whatever straits he may be reduced for a living, that rather than seek shelter in a union workhouse he would die of famine.

"We have said nothing of his method of fishing. How various are the arts by which cunning man contrives to circumvent the finny tribe. With all deference to honest Izaak it must be allowed that the whole art of angling is based upon deceit and imposture. Therefore our sportsman rejects it, we suppose, on that account. And then as to the use of nets, it has doubtless been copied from the villainous spider, who weaves a web from his own bowels, and hangs it before the door of his lair, in which he lurks, ready to pounce upon the unwary victim entangled in its meshes. He will have none of this. Nor does he adopt the more simple and straightforward scheme of the school-boy and otter, by dragging his speckled prey from under the banks and braes of the populous brooks. No; he has a method of his own. Armed with a single spear-shaped weapon of about six inches in length, woe to the unhappy trout or eel that comes within its range. It is trans-fixed with the speed of lightning.

"There is no history of an individual from which a moral lesson may not be drawn. Why not then from the character of our hero? In a poem of Wordsworth's a fit of despondency is said to have been removed by the patient and cheerful bearing of an old man whom the poet met with on the lonely moors gathering leeches. We have sometimes amused ourselves in running a parallel betwixt the character

we have attempted to describe and the brave old Scotchman of the poet. There is no slight resemblance. Both silent and solitary in their habits; both models of patience and perseverance and of contentment with the calling allotted to them by Heaven; both wanderers, both hunters of ponds and moors, 'From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor.' Yes, and on much the same errand, too; for we believe our hero could gather leeches upon occasion; indeed, we durst back him for a trifle (were we in the habit of laying wagers) against the old man, both for quickness and tact in that employment. We have, however, no wish that the poet had substituted our hero for his in that noble poem, for we would not alter a line or word of it. We only beg that our fisher may be placed side by side as a teacher of 'resolution and independence' with that immortal leech gatherer. Our paper has reached a greater length than we had intended, and yet we have only touched on the character of an individual. Perhaps we may be pardoned a few words more on the tribe to which he belongs. Like that of the gipsies and other nomadic tribes its origin is involved in much obscurity. The probability is that it came from the East, but of its first introduction into Europe we believe history is silent, and the most learned are at a loss on so mysterious a subject. We think, however, it is pretty certain that this wandering tribe had spread widely, were perhaps more numerous than at present, before the barbarians from the North had overrun the Roman Empire.

"Nay, if we might hazard a conjecture, they are so ancient that they date even from beyond the Pyramids. Not, however, to indulge in disquisition, but to confine ourselves strictly to the historic period, we find abundant evidence that they were firmly established in our island during the Middle Ages, and held in much higher respect than they are at present. Not only were they often present with the baron in his field sports — especially that of hawking — but not seldom in the ancient pastime played a very active part. A still stronger proof of the regard in which they were then held was that when the lonely baron entertained his numerous followers on grand feast days the dinner would have been thought very incomplete had they not been present, and then not at the lower end of the long table among the poor retainers, but at the upper part with the most honored guests. Like the Jews, the people we speak of live in little knots

and communities, but not, like them, confined to some dirty quarter of a city, where they can practise their money-making arts. On the contrary, our purer race avoid all towns — nay, like the Arab of the desert, they view them with unmingled fear and horror. Never is there one seen there, unless it be some poor captive, pining away his life for want of fresh air and freedom."

It need hardly be added that this quaint sketch refers to the heron.

A COUNTRY PARSON.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
A STUDY IN GREY.

POOR Cookham Dene in a mild way was a disappointed man. He felt, though he did not own, that he had never been exactly appreciated. He was certain that his poor wife had not understood him. His daughter he did not expect to understand him; she was a mere child, or he thought so. In some vague way he felt that his wife had hung like a mill-stone round his neck; she had kept him back — how or from what he did not exactly know, but he had not made his mark, and he had always felt — at least up to a certain period of his life — that he should make his mark sooner or later; in what capacity he might have been puzzled to explain.

He had great gifts; his mother had told him so when he was a boy. He was a schoolmaster's pet, which perhaps is rather a bad sign; he ended by believing that he was a scholar, he was certainly a dreamer. He fancied that he had a literary turn, but was not quite certain about it. Art he despised; music he did not care for; he had no turn for science, but he thought novels rubbish, and prided himself on his good sense. He was rather shy, perhaps a little proud. Nobody sought him as a friend, and it did not occur to him that friends were to be sought. He had not struggled for either comfortable circumstances or a fair social position, but both had come to him, and in process of time a wife came also — how, he really hardly recollected. His mother and her relations had something to do with it, he occasionally reflected rather bitterly, but he led a lonely life, and felt that he was entitled to something, he hardly knew what, that had never been bestowed upon him, and he grew a little sour.

Then his wife died — faded away silently

—and he was sorry; but still he felt that she had never understood him, and so too felt Maisie.

Maisie was growing a big girl now, and believed in her father implicitly, except when doubts obtruded themselves, as they will in the case even of the most faithful, and then she thrust them from her with indignation. She feared that her mother had never quite comprehended the great heart that had been given into her keeping; but she was sure that she understood her father thoroughly and that he understood her, and that they were devoted to each other; still in this, as has been hinted, she happened to be mistaken.

She meant to keep house for her father, and minister to all his little wants; but her father had different ideas, and was glad to let her go away and live with some very old friends of her mother's. Maisie was grieved, perhaps a little irritated at this, but poor papa checked her remonstrances abruptly, and away she went. Papa, to tell the truth, was not very fond of Maisie. He fancied she had been petted by her mother, and he knew that her mother was not an intellectual woman, and he believed that Maisie was not intellectual either.

But Maisie thought she was different from other girls, and so the old friends to whom she had been consigned thought. They considered her pert, and rather disagreeable. Still they did not say so; being an excellent and patient old couple, they sought by degrees to bring ameliorating influences to bear.

A good many months rolled by, and papa's letters were short and infrequent. He told Maisie that he had had a cold in the head, that he had had the house painted, that he had bought a pair of boots and returned them as they were a bad fit, but he did not tell her anything of particular importance, and did not seem to pine for her return. She did not understand this; she had flattered herself that after her mother's decease they would be all in all to each other. Having an affectionate nature or an eye to effect, she had burned to pose as the devoted daughter.

One morning when she came down to breakfast old Mr. and Mrs. Brown, as we shall call them, wore grave countenances and looked at Maisie, as she could not help thinking, oddly. Then Mrs. Brown glanced at her husband and shrugged her shoulders, and Mr. Brown shrugged his, and went on munching his buttered toast with downcast eyes.

Maisie thought all this rather singular,

but she was accustomed to the odd ways of the queer old couple, so made an excellent meal without in the least anticipating the pleasant little surprise that was in store for her.

The fact of the matter was, her dear father had been appreciated at last, by a remarkably pretty girl, too. Mr. and Mrs. Brown thought he must be mad, but he thought himself still a bit of a lady-killer. He had always considered himself such in his heart of hearts, but a strict sense of propriety had prevented his saying so. He had fancied from time to time that young ladies in church or in omnibuses had glanced at him archly. No doubt he looked far short of his real age, at least such was his conviction, and he had an interesting appearance, as is the case with all men of intellect. He had married young, and just at the time when husbands are beginning to enjoy a wonderful recrudescence of juvenility wives have a trick of looking irritatingly old, or perhaps one's taste at fifty is not that of twenty-five. Anyhow, Mr. Cookham Dene felt that he had made a mistake; he was rather ashamed of his wife.

But when she withered away and died he was a little ashamed of himself, though it did not occur to him that he had been in anywise to blame, and he knew that she had made him happy, or at least comfortable, for many many years; but she had never understood or appreciated him, though, poor soul, she was perhaps scarcely to be blamed for that, her mind, such as it was, being entirely given over to household concerns.

Well, she was gone, and he was still in the prime of life, and he went his way — not rejoicing exactly, for every incident in his career somehow or other seemed tinged with a sense of melancholy disappointment — but he felt that he had elbow room, and that there was still a chance of at least an Indian summer, and so he met with his reward at last.

She was very pretty! she had a nice figure, and natural pale gold hair and rather steely blue eyes, and a winsome if tight little mouth with real teeth, which is rather rare nowadays, and an innocent childish manner. Also she had a neat foot and ankle, and a trim habit of dressing. But there was a drawback — a very slight one, Mr. Dene thought, Mr. and Mrs. Brown regarded the matter seriously — she had been an attendant in a boot shop. Beyond that nobody knew anything at all about her, where she came from, or who were her belongings, or if she had any.

There was nothing to be done. The marriage was a *fait accompli*. Mr. Brown opined, as might have been expected under the circumstances, that there was "no fool like an old fool." His wife broke the exasperating intelligence as gently as she could to her young guest, and Maisie — well, it would require the powers of a better story-teller than myself to describe her emotions.

She was not merely wounded to the quick, she trembled with rage. She could not believe what she heard; the possibility of such a catastrophe had never dawned upon her; she felt as if some one had boxed her ears. She was dazed and stupefied, then she felt as if she should go mad. She could not sit quiet the whole day. They had told her nothing yet about the boot shop, or that *mamma-in-law* was pretty. Maisie had some pedigree pride.

Maisie had been rather well educated. Her mother had sent her to a nice school, and she not only had accomplishments but ladylike manners. But for her conceit she would have been a nice girl enough. She had sometimes hoped that she might grow up good-looking, but she did not believe that she was ugly — nor was she, but she prided herself on her cleverness, and that is a relative term.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown might have been odd people, but they were kind — more than kind, and told Maisie she might always consider their house her home. They did not suppose a pretty, silly little woman like her mother-in-law would desire to have the trouble of looking after her. But the new Mrs. Cookham Dene, if silly in some respects, was wide enough awake in others, and, though of a babyfied aspect, had the spirit of a tyrant. Moreover she was jealous. She had not been well brought up, and she did not see why Maisie should be well brought up either. At all events she was not going to let the girl give herself airs.

So one day an imperative and formally grateful letter arrived from the head of the family, and his daughter had to be packed off back home again. Mrs. Brown said it was really too bad of that silly old fellow; her husband thought that perhaps on the whole they were well rid of the child. Good, easy man, he dreaded complications, and he liked to see the household expenses kept down.

Maisie journeyed back home sorrowfully — indignantly, with a touch of dread. She knew now that her father held her of no account. She had misgivings relative to her mother-in-law. Mrs. Brown seemed

to doubt whether she would be able to put the interloper into her right place, though Maisie had said that she meant to do so, that she did not intend her father to be imposed on. Had Maisie been a boy, perhaps she would never have gone home, but run away to sea, as the expression is. But girls are not wanted in the mercantile marine, and she had no money, and she was a bit cowed by the turn affairs had taken, and she was desperate. Oh, if only her mother-in-law could be struck dead by lightning, or if only she would obligingly tumble down-stairs and break her neck! But Fortune was singularly apathetic.

When Maisie got home she noticed, as the cab drew up at the door, that everything looked amazingly spick-and-span. New paint everywhere, an efflorescence of scarlet geraniums, and the scrubby old garden a model of suburban propriety. New short window-blinds with brass bands, the front door chocolate and gold, and the ornamental ironwork, which used to be a dirty cream-color, painted and gilded as if the once gloomy old villa had been turned into a seaside boarding house.

Inside, sticky new furniture, gaudy patterns, and plenty of gas just being lighted, though it was scarcely dusk.

A prim domestic. "Everything quite *en règle*, but not in the best of taste. All the "shabby old rubbish" that her mother had been so fond of banished. Papa, she learnt, was lying down with a headache; he was not to be disturbed. The promoted shop assistant was out and would not be back till dinner-time. Dinner! Good heavens! thought Maisie, who, in spite of her appetite, was of a frugal disposition. Only Phil was at home.

And here Phil came. A youth of a comical but blighted aspect. It was easy to see that he lived at war with his kind. A fondness for catapults was written on his face. His antic disposition was shown by an irresistible propensity to slide along the banisters instead of going down-stairs properly. He had a crushed and brow-beaten expression, but whipcord in abundance surged from his pocket, and, though he spoke in a whisper, he was munching some sticky substance, and his eye roved in an unquenchable spirit of mischief.

"Well, Maisie," he said, "what do you think of it all, eh?"

He eyed her with gloomy inquisitiveness, and added, "You will have to mind your 'p's and q's,' my dear."

"Just look," he proceeded; "peep in there; would you ever have thought it the same room? Mustn't they have been

making the money spin? I only came back from school yesterday, and I would rather be there than here. It's beastly slow. I am not allowed down-stairs. I am glad you are come back; it will be somebody to talk to; and have you any money, Maisie? for I am getting tired of it, and mean to run away and enlist or something."

Maisie's heart sank within her, but her mother-in-law's greeting, on her return in a neat little brougham, was quite gushingly affectionate.

Certainly she was pretty. Maisie was obliged to own that, pretty of course in a silly frivolous way, and her advances were most conciliatory, but Maisie hated her with a blind, unreasoning jealousy that made her tingle to the tips of her fingers, and was the more uncontrollable because she felt instinctively that she had to deal with a clever woman — not clever in an intellectual but in a more generally useful sense, and Maisie knew that her own strong point was not tact.

Everything had been turned topsyturvy; money was no longer of any consequence. Mrs. Cookham Dene liked shopping and driving in the park, and half past seven o'clock dinner and sparkling wines, and she dressed showily and played waltzes on the piano with more energy than strict attention to harmony, and she had very lively spirits and knew how to keep the servants in order, or at least to cow them for the time being, and when her "dear papa," as she called him, was not suffering from one of his rather frequent headaches which kept him a good deal to his room, she made such fun of the old darling, and so persistently held him up to the ridicule of her brother Tom, who happened to be staying in the house, and indeed seemed to have taken up his quarters there *en permanence*, that at last Maisie was driven to indignant remonstrance.

"You darling little pet," said her mother-in-law, looking at her solemnly, "you are awfully dutiful and we are awfully naughty, are we not, papa dear?" pressing her cheek affectionately against her old man's head, "but perhaps you will kindly just hold your tongue and not speak till you are spoken to, or we shall have to order her off to bed, shall we not, papa dear?"

Brother Tom, who was a fine-looking young fellow, but with an unpleasant expression of face and rather uncouth habits, for which his sister frequently rebuked him, laughed hoarsely, and Mr. Dene, who looked tired and out of sorts and

rather ashamed of himself, glanced at Maisie with a frown of dissatisfaction that sent her flying from the room.

Or rather she was in the act of flying when her charming little mother-in-law seized her by the wrist and drew her back.

"You are not your own mistress here," she said; "sit down again, as your father desires, and do not stir till you have permission."

Maisie burst into tears. Her papa looked very much irritated. Brother Tom began to whistle. The ex-shopgirl bestowed a kiss on her husband and tripped to the piano.

Plenty of bills soon began to come in, but Mr. Cookham Dene, who had always thought his former wife rather wasteful in her household expenditure, paid them without much murmuring. His sweet Dolly had such winning little ways, and "he knew," as she said, "that if she teased him a little bit now and then, she did love her dear old man so, and he liked her to look pretty, and he liked her to enjoy herself, didn't he?"

Poor Phil had rather a rough time of it. He was not an engaging boy, and the spirit of mischief was to him as the breath of his nostrils. He hated brother Tom very heartily, and always had plenty of ingenious surprises in store for him, so that when up-stairs Maisie was grieved more than once by a sound as of carpets being dusted, to an accompaniment of sobs and shrieks and savage growls.

And it was the more maddening as papa had always been opposed to corporal punishment, or rather her mother had been, but things were altered now. When she saw brother Tom come out of the room, cane in hand, oh! she hated him and told him so, but he only laughed and said it would do the little beggar good! As for Phil, he rubbed himself and made a hideous grimace behind the other's back. But brother Tom detected him by means of the looking-glass, aimed a parting but playful flick at him, saying, "That's right, my lad, keep your pecker up, you shall have a double dose next time."

Dollie insisted on Maisie taking some music lessons. "You can't play a bit, my dear chit," she said, "only a lot of dreary stuff like five-finger exercises. You shall go through a course with 'Madame' —, who taught me."

Now Maisie considered that her mamma-in-law played about as badly as was humanly possible, and she pinned her

own faith to Mozart, but "Madame," who was rather loud both in appearance and manner, and who enjoyed a glass of champagne, which now flowed like water at Chesapeake Villa, indeed much more frequently, agreed that all that old-fashioned sort of stuff had gone out with the Flood; and Maisie, who was now at the sensitive and self-complacent age of "sweet seventeen," was snubbed, and set down to "nice little showy pieces," as her new mamma said, "which would count for something of an evening."

Dolly professed to be very fond of "her Maisie." She called her "chitty," and insisted on kissing her, and said she was a quaint, old-fashioned darling. She insisted on taking her out for drives and to the theatre, whither brother Tom often accompanied the two, provided farcical comedy or burlesque were the order of the day; Mr. Cookham Dene, by the by, generally staying at home; and she insisted on improving her toilet, but Maisie did not consider the rather sweeping changes made an improvement at all. Indeed she remonstrated with her father on the subject, but he frowned and spoke of "perpetual worry, and ingratitude, and rebellious children," so she retired in discomfiture to incur the rallery of her mother-in-law. "Oh, you good, demure little puss," she said, "we are not going to let you dress like an old frump; you are really quite a nice-looking girl, or would be if you were a little more cheerful, and I mean that you shall have a proper chance in life."

Mrs. Dene was fond of going to races. So was brother Tom—very, but he was not always fortunate in his betting transactions, though he prided himself on his astuteness. They generally went by road, and always took a luncheon basket and champagne with them, and invariably met many friends like themselves of a free and unrestrained spirit; but if the fates were averse to Tom's pecuniary success he was apt to become quarrelsome, especially if he had taken quite enough refreshment, and once savagely shook his fist in his sister's face. But she did not seem much disconcerted, though Maisie shuddered and turned faint.

Dolly maintained that she took a great interest in Maisie. She spoke as if she had a deep sense of a mother's responsibilities, and as if her daughter-in-law were a charming little simpleton; which Maisie bitterly resented—knowing her own capacity, and that her new relative was not in the least intellectual.

"You will make a delightful little bride, chit," she said one day, "and we will find you a husband. You are quite of a marriageable age, and girls of your type do not improve by being kept on hand. You would do capitally for brother Tom."

And ever after this, in her playful, mock-serious way, she spoke as if it were quite a settled thing. Brother Tom took his cue and became very objectionable. Then, too, Dolly would insist on taking such an interest in Maisie's wardrobe, and Dolly's taste was in the direction of rather a pronounced style.

Another person of some consequence soon began to appear on the scene—brother Tom's lawyer. He was not a favorable specimen of his tribe, at least to judge by appearances. He was tall and ill-made, though indeed moral obliquity is not a necessary concomitant of an ungainly figure, but he had pale blue, shifty eyes with red rims, and a complexion suggestive of late hours and irregular habits, Dundreary whiskers of a sandy hue, and a trick of alternately fawning and bullying.

He was closeted with Mr. Cookham Dene a good deal.

It was about this time that, in the opinion of those who knew him best, my poor friend's mental powers began to show signs of decay.

Brother Tom had another friend—an outside broker, in whose tips he had tolerably profound faith, not imagining for a moment that any one would dare to try to take him in. Brother Tom doubted if anybody would succeed even if they did try; indeed he was pretty certain failure would be the result. And if brother Tom had faith in himself, Dolly, who really thought her brother a very fine fellow, believed in him implicitly. If he had not been successful hitherto, it was only because of some "unlucky conthratheg," as Captain Costigan would say, or because he had not been able to sit long enough at the table. With proper resources, worlds would be his to conquer.

Dolly, like a good many ladies, thought even four per cent. an inadequate rate of interest. But times were bad for investors, and if you cannot increase your rate of interest the next best thing is to double or quadruple your principal. This brother Tom, with the help of his friend, the outside broker, offered to do. He saw his way clearly—so did the outside broker, who disappeared one evening with his pockets full and leaving those of his client uncommonly empty.

However, Tom tried again — this time on the turf, but the blind goddess was still deaf to his wooing. After this he sampled inferior brands of whiskey for a week or two with great assiduity, and then he began to see snakes.

Mr. Cookham Dene in the meanwhile had developed a religious turn, and was becoming rather hazy in his ideas. He began to study unfulfilled prophecy; and Dolly losing heart, a reign of domestic muddle ensued.

Her husband made a will, and it was the conviction of those best qualified to form an opinion that he was breaking up fast, that he could not last much longer.

However, as his mental powers decayed, he seemed about to take a new lease of life. He became wonderfully and fearfully chirpy, and this filled Tom with wrath.

He would lounge in now and then and eye his victim gloomily. "How much longer do you think the old boy will hold out?" he inquired of his sister one day, and she only shrugged her pretty shoulders. "Hulloa, daddy!" he shouted, addressing himself to the poor old gentleman, who sat in a meek but dignified attitude by the fire, "when will the Jews be grafted in again, eh? Pretty soon," he added to himself with a bitter laugh, "if I can't lay hands on the 'ready.'"

Poor papa was fond of stroking Dolly's hair as she knelt beside him; he did not say much, and what he did say was not always quite intelligible, but he looked at Maisie as if she had done him an injury.

Phil had been sent to a different sort of school. "Terms, 20*l.* a year, inclusive. Diet unlimited. Cow kept," and so on. But he was a big fellow for his age, and ran away. He was brought back and caned, but ran away again, and after that nobody troubled much about him.

One day a remarkably seedy individual took up his position in the kitchen. He was civil enough, but smoked a pipe, and always would keep his hat on, and smelt rather. The servants, after haranguing their mistress in scornful terms, disappeared into the gathering twilight. Maisie was overcome with bitter indignation and shame. But Dolly made light of it all. Brother Tom conversed with the seedy individual affably. He said it was the "restoration of the Jews."

The next morning, when Dolly knocked at her husband's door, she had to knock twice. Indeed, she need not have knocked at all. He was so fast asleep that there was no reason why Maisie should be kept away from him any longer; for they had

always been rather afraid of her influence.

The funeral was not a very grand affair. Brother Tom was remarkably bloodshot about the eyes, let us hope from grief, but his utterance was thick, and he seemed scarcely secure of his footing.

There was not much left out of the wreck.

Maisie strapped to, and got a berth as a nursery governess, but in a week or two broke down utterly. They sent her to the hospital. She emerged a pitiable object, but there was nobody in particular to pity her. She wrote to Mrs. Brown, but the letter came back through the dead-letter office. They had given up their house, and their address was unknown.

Phil could not do much to help. He had enlisted, and a creditable career lay before him. He was a lance-corporal. His wife was a good creature, but homely. She was on the "strength of the regiment," and took in washing. But she had a tongue like the east wind, and, her husband's emoluments not being large, she objected to money being spent out of the family.

Brother Tom applied himself with increased energy to testing the effects of alcohol on the animal economy.

One autumn evening Maisie stood in the roar of the Strand, almost stupid with exhaustion and feeling the keen wind acutely. She had no underclothing to speak of, and was too faint to feel very hungry. Had she stood there five minutes previously, she would have met Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

The last time I saw Dolly, she was in the act of alighting from a victoria in the Brompton Road. She had a bright complexion, and vouchsafed me a gracious nod and smile. Certainly she is a *piquante* little thing, and has, I believe, a good many admirers.

Perhaps, if poor Cookham Dene had not craved for appreciation, and if he could have refrained from worrying his wife to death, a good many of the incidents that I have had to record might not have happened.

From The Leisure Hour.
STATESMEN OF EUROPE.

AUSTRIA.

PART II.

HERR VON DUNAJEWSKY's fall, to make way for Dr. Emil Steinbach, was a most unexpected event. For many years public

opinion had indicated Steinbach, who is the son of a Viennese jeweller, as a rising politician, but it was expected that the portfolio of justice rather than that of finance would fall to his eventual lot. He is no brilliant orator like his predecessors; in his speeches he merely seeks to persuade, and that by the most simple methods. In every sense of the word he is a child of his time, the most modern minister Austria has ever yet possessed. He has been stigmatized as a socialist, but if he is this, he is so in the sense in which Sir William Harcourt, when chancellor of the exchequer, said that nowadays we are all socialists. The Dunajewsky era was marked by the attempt to balance the tax administration, the Steinbach era will no doubt be distinguished by an attempt to ensure social conciliation. Dunajewski represented the fiscal renaissance, Steinbach must represent its economic regeneration.

Count Heinrich Jaroslav Clam-Martinic died in 1887, but his traditions and his influence have survived. The head of one of those vast estates, of which there are many in Austria, he represented in the Austrian Parliament the autochthonous or historically feudal party of Bohemia, whose real interest in the Czechs goes no deeper than is necessary for the furthering of their own aristocratic ideas. The Bohemian nobility is at heart pretty indifferent to the Czech national movement; it even counts among its members a number ignorant of the Czech tongue. But by means of the activity and intelligence of Count Clam, the essentially democratic movement of the Czech national party was utilized by these Austrian aristocrats for their own purposes, and led to those reactionary demands which caused and are still causing such difficulties in the Austrian monarchy. It was he who created the fiction of the Bohemian state rights, patching together all sorts of arguments that still survived from feudal times. This proved the bait that led the Czech party into paths of which they had never dreamed when their party was formed.

After Count Clam had bound the representatives of the national idea with heavy chains to the triumphal car of the reaction, he became the absolute dictator in the Cesky Club; he was its soul, and the prompter of Rieger, who was only an instrument in his hands. Clam personified the old poem which says: "For the emperor there exist two classes who worthily support his throne; they are the saints and the knights. They protect him

from every storm, and in payment they take Church and State." Count Clam-Martinic is much more like a Prussian Junker than an Austrian nobleman; the latter are usually more easy-going and insist less upon the hereditary rights of their class. Men like Prince Schwarzenburg, for example, naturally voted with politicians of Clam-Martinic's class in all ecclesiastical and political questions, but they felt themselves far too much *grands seigneurs* to stoop down from their Olympian heights to the popular arena. Clam's aspiration was to be the founder of an ideal federalistic state whose realization demanded far-reaching changes in political, economic, and ecclesiastical conditions. But the inexorable Reaper does not ask whether any of us have finished our task on earth before he mows us down. Thus Clam died before his hopes had been realized.

Certainly the autochthonous nobility would have been a mere general staff without an army if the lawyer and scientific writer Dr. Franz Ladislaus Rieger had not placed at the disposal of the feudalistic high churchmen the trustworthy army which he had at his rear. A miller's son, he likes to coquet now and again in his speeches with his humble origin, as though he would herewith silence his opponents who reproach him that he, the man of the people, and the leader of the people, should have placed his cause and theirs under the protection of the aristocracy. He replies that all roads are good that lead to Rome, and that even if the Czechs must seem to play with feudalistic toys in order to please the party that holds the power, the main thing is to attain their purpose, and that everything can be arranged after. In short he was an opportunist. Both in and out of Parliament every measure seemed just and right to Dr. Rieger which should lead to his goal, and which should destroy the ground under the feet of the Parliament in Vienna. He shrank back from no reactionary partnership, no method which according to him can promote the welfare of the nation's cause. His aim is the autonomy of Bohemia. He married the daughter of Palacki the historian, the great apostle of the Bohemian cause, and he held that on his shoulders had descended the mantle of that aged chief. When the Czechs retired from the Parliament of Vienna indignant, and declaring that they had been duped and misled by false promises, Dr. Rieger continued their leader. Nor was he idle in the seventeen years during which he and

his party remained absent. But of late his popularity has vanished, on the one hand because it is said he bends his knee to the princes of the Church; on the other hand, because, while never officially concealing his Panslavistic views concerning Austria's foreign policy, he approves at the same time of the Triple Alliance. And since early last year he signed the compromise bill which it was hoped would settle the Czech demands forever, the public opinion of the younger members of his nation has outlawed him.

A new party of extremists has sprung up in Bohemia which is dissatisfied with the moderate programme of the Old Czechs, under Dr. Rieger. They have put forward opposition demands, the granting of which would, it is contended, be equivalent to a disintegration of the empire. And on this ground the Hungarians are quite as stubbornly opposed to the young Czechs as are the Austro-Germans; indeed, the Hungarians do not at all relish the idea that the very ample independence they prize so highly should be cheapened in the market. But at present it is Gregř's star which is in the ascendant; Rieger has been cast to the political dead, and the word *Hajmba* (shame) is constantly thrown in his face. He is an old man now, and with the trembling hand of age he has addressed a melancholy farewell to his people, which has been published in the *Pozor*. He bids adieu to those who will no longer recognize his leadership, and who so ungratefully reward his lifelong services, his exhausting struggles against the Germans, against mighty governments, even at moments against the crown itself; combats which he has conducted with the wild enthusiasm of a Ziska and the passionate ardor of a Hus.

Dr. Rieger has certainly done more for the revival of Czechish nationalism than any other man alive, and to him the Bohemians owe the creation of the Czech University and the Czech Academy of Sciences. In company with his father-in-law he was the first who by pen and tongue stemmed the Germanic current that was fast obliterating all the distinctive nationalist features of Bohemia, and for many years he was the most popular man in the country. Whether he did his Czech compatriots real service by resuscitating their pride in their Slavonic origin, and rendering their amalgamation as Austrians with their German fellow-subjects forever impossible, is a question upon which opinions must differ; but no one can doubt the sincerity of Dr. Rieger's patriotism,

and when the passion of electoral contests has subsided, there must inevitably be a feeling of regret throughout Bohemia that the eloquent statesman should at the last elections have failed to find a constituency to return him.

Time will show whether the demands of the young Czechs will force Count Taaffe or his successor to abandon the task of trying to conciliate particularist tendencies. Certainly the hopes Count Taaffe held out to the Czechs have proved to be delusive.

Herr Gregř, their leader, is the editor of the *Narodny-Listy*. For more than eighteen years he has been always ready for combat. He writes all night and speaks all day. He is the declared adversary of the Germans and the Hungarians. It was not till 1885 that he was elected into the Reichsrath, though he had often put himself forward as a candidate, but the Old Czechs opposed him because they were afraid of his fierce eloquence and his violent temper. A Hercules in appearance, his oratory has also something of the herculean character, he beats about him with his club, and he is intimidated by no obstacle.

Kasimir Ritter von Grocholski, who died in 1888, was a lawyer and landed proprietor, and the leader of the Polish Club. A wily tactician, he had been admitted a minister without portfolio into the Hohenwart Cabinet, in order to satisfy the national ideas of the Poles. In the Reichsrath he represented the interests of the Cracow feudalists and clericals. He was a thorough reactionary whose policy was to maintain his influence with the masses. What he really wanted, was to promote a Church and State counter-revolution. He was never happier than when he could give a cut at the Germans, and in so far he was a good Pole, such as they are traditionally depicted.

His place has been supplied by M. Jovorski, and in the new Reichsrath the Poles have been returned stronger than ever before. It seems probable that Count Taaffe will have to seek his governing majority from among the German Liberals and the Poles coalesced, for it is Count Taaffe's object and the emperor's to group all the moderates together against the young Czechs, Antisemites, German Democrats, and Ultramontanes.

In contrast to Count Clam-Martinic's motto, which might be said to have been

"Aut Cæsar aut nullus," Count Hohenwart follows the precept "Festina lente." Born in 1824, he was for many years governor of upper Austria, and in 1871, to the general astonishment, was chosen as head of the Cabinet. He is to-day that which he has ever been, the matador of feudalism; he leads in the Reichsrath the Right party, composed of the southern Slavs — that is to say, of the Slovacks from Krain and the coast line, and from certain districts of Karinthia, Styria, the Tyrol, and the Vorarlberg, as well as Salzburg and upper Austria; a party which is only held together by the cement of Ultramontaniam. Count Hohenwart is a man of the Middle Ages, who has been by accident born in the nineteenth century, and nothing will ever change his religious, social, and political convictions, which belong to an age that is passed away. He is an aristocrat to the backbone, and he does not recognize any person who has not an old ancestry to show. *Bourgeoisie*, people, traders, and all the rest that compose the mass of the population, are for him a vast crowd, an alluvial soil existing only to support the feet of princes, dukes, and counts. He does not even admit the claims of newly created aristocrats, and as for a Jewish baron he regards him as a smuggled article. At the same time Count Hohenwart is no vulgar nature; he has noble, elevated, and generous sentiments, but they are misapplied, and out of harmony with the time. He is entirely under the influence of Rome, and it was he who demanded in Parliament that the educational laws should be overturned, and the instruction of youth given back into the hands of the clergy — a demand which modern Austria could not and would not listen to for a moment. His programme is anything but conservative, it is revolutionary, for its ultimate goal is a subjection of the State to the infallible utterances of the pope.

Ritter von Hohenwart counts among the first orators of the Chamber; a discourse by him is always regarded as an event. He was in his youth a gay and brilliant cavalier, and he carries so well the weight of his years, that he appears to have the gift of everlasting youth. At times in the Chamber he may have a tired air, but if he notices that he is observed he draws himself up like a racehorse, and looks young, fresh, and ready for battle. He is cautious and astute, and he hopes by wiles and patience and concessions to obtain in the end everything that his party demands, a party that is only another expression of the intricate tangle of Austrian politics,

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and the difficulties with which the monarchy has to deal.

Of special importance for the party of the Right are those high Tory members who are so bound by their common nobility and by their relationships to the autochthonous aristocracy of the Cesky Club, that it is difficult to say where feudalism leaves off and ultramontaniam begins. Chief among these are the two princes Alfred and Alois Liechtenstein, related to the Lobkowitz and the Belcredi. Prince Alois is an eloquent orator, a perfect club-man, and an aristocrat of the old-fashioned type. He has certain ideal leanings towards demagoguery; his antipathy is the bourgeoisie, who work, possess, and fill or aspire to those posts which were formerly the exclusive privilege of the nobles. Both princes have been carefully brought up by Jesuit fathers; from them they have learned to use the weapons of invective, irony, and pseudo-indignation. The language employed by them in the Chambers is a curious mixture of the Seminary and the Jockey Club, of which latter they are great ornaments. They always speak in favor of the Church, and in this they are supported by another of the principal orators on the benches of the Right, Herr von Lienbach, formerly imperial councillor, a man of great capacity, whose speeches are always highly charged with venom to his adversaries.

It is unfortunate for the German Liberal party that death has of late years been so active in its ranks, and mowed down some of its finest orators, among them Giskra, Mühlfeld, Berger, Kuranda. The only surviving member of this group is Herr Herbst, but he is rather a dialectician than a tribune of great vigor. Admirably versed in all business matters, his discourses on the budget are authoritative, and when it is needful to discuss constitutional principles every member of the House crowds round the bench where he sits, to hear him expound the theories of his party and refute those of his adversaries. It is deeply to be deplored that this German Liberal party, so truly progressive in its ideas, so equitable and high-minded in its aims, should have allowed its reason to be troubled, and its heart to be hardened, by its fears of the Czech peoples. Still, on the other hand, their fears were not groundless; nor were they to be wondered at, for the Czechs, like the Poles, are not good legislators, seem incapable of steady gov-

ernment, and have little comprehension of the necessities of Parliamentary life and economical and social questions. It is the dogmatic and doctrinaire character of the liberalism that distinguishes Herr Herbst and his followers, which has rendered impossible the fusion between them and the Slav party. They are intolerant in their liberalism and require that their doctrines should be accepted unhesitatingly and unquestioningly. Like those of most Germans, their views are hard, fast, and unliable.

Coronini, Walterskirchen, Gautsch, minister for education; Count Falkenhayn, minister of agriculture; Marquis Bacquehem, minister of commerce, are all men who play some part in current Austrian political life, but space will not allow us to speak of them at length. Coronini was one of the victims of Herbst's intolerance. Rumor says, but it may be calumny, that he is anxious to succeed Taaffe when that minister shall fall, as he perhaps may do quite shortly, owing to the Czech dissensions.

Herr Schindler was known in literature as Julius von der Traun. He was for a long time one of the principal orators of the German party, but latterly he lost the confidence of his constituents, who accused him of having grown too rich, and having too little time to attend to their affairs. He died recently.

Baron von Walterskirchen is the leader of the German democratic party. This party, while scrupulously preserving the German character of the German Liberal party, desires to follow a rather wider policy, more tolerant and more conciliatory, and to find a meeting point with the non-German section of the empire, on the basis of the equality of rights. He is just now without a seat in Parliament.

Herr von Gautsch has distinguished himself by his strenuous upholding of unsectarian education, notwithstanding all the pressure brought to bear upon him by Feudalists and Ultramontanes. He has incurred on the one hand the hatred of the Czechs, by not allowing their schools to become hotbeds of particularistic propaganda; and on the other hand, of the German students, whom he would not permit to drink to the destruction of Austria, and to aspirations for the union of the German-Austrian provinces with the new German Empire.

It may be interesting to note that the new Austrian Parliament contains fifty lawyers, twelve doctors, eight architects and engineers, twenty-nine civil servants,

twenty priests, one hundred and forty-six landowners, thirty merchants and manufacturers, nine authors and journalists, forty professors, and six gentlemen of no profession.

While Austria has its own ministers to manage purely Austrian affairs, there are three ministers for the whole empire—that is to say, for the Empire of Austria-Hungary. These are the minister of foreign affairs, the minister of the imperial finances, and the minister of war. The present minister of foreign affairs is Count Gustav Siegmund Kálnoky, who was until 1881 Austrian ambassador at St. Petersburg. He succeeded Baron Haymerle, and took up his portfolio with the firm determination to continue in the same lines as his predecessors Andrassy and Haymerle. He entered upon his post under favorable auspices, because shortly before his nomination, thanks to Haymerle's diplomacy, Italy was beginning that *rapprochement* towards Austria which led to her ultimate entrance into the German-Austrian League of Peace, and constituted the Triple Alliance which is regarded on the Continent as the best guarantee for the maintenance of concord in Continental Europe.

Shortly after Kálnoky's appointment Herr von Kállay was nominated imperial minister of finance, and consequently minister for Bosnia and Herzegovina, for the two charges go together. Austria had only recently acquired the administration of the Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and it was a grave question who should be chosen first to fill this most important and arduous office. Kállay was certainly the right man in the right place; a born Hungarian, he speaks Russian, Servian, Roumanian, and Turkish. He is acquainted with Russia, European and Asiatic Turkey, from personal travels, and for a long while filled the post of consul-general at Belgrade. The administration of the provinces was taken in hand on European principles, but at the same time with careful regard for the national and religious prejudices of the people, the greater number of whom are Greek Catholics with a certain admixture of Roman Catholics and Mahomedans. When Kállay undertook the government of the provinces there may be said to have been no roads, and certainly no railroads. Both these have been rapidly constructed; agriculture, industry, and commerce have grown apace in a country of splendid resources, but absolutely neglected under

the misrule of the Turks. An eloquent testimony to this excellent government is the fact that though Bosnia receives no subsidy from the Austrian monarchy, and has to pay the cost of its development out of its own resources, it has already repaid in capital and interest the sum of over two millions lent to it for building its railroads. It is not needful to say more in order to show clearly why Herr von Kállay has gained the hearts of all the Bosnians, who look up to him with affection and gratitude. Herr von Kállay has also distinguished himself in literature. He has written an excellent history of Servia, as well as an able essay on Hungary in its relations to the East and West.

Kálnoky is an ardent supporter of the Triple Alliance, which he regards as the pivot of the whole Austrian foreign policy. His attitude towards the Balkan States is to encourage their free, independent, and organic development. He accords his sympathies to the government and Prince of Bulgaria, who he considers are going forward in harmonious concord towards the welfare of their land, and its consolidation as a commercial and soundly financial State. He is satisfied to see that the country holds back from European entanglements, avoids adventures, and occupies itself almost exclusively with its internal affairs. With regard to Roumania, the personal relations between the Austrian and Roumanian sovereigns are good, but their commercial relations have recently become much strained, and it is likely that the world will hear more on this subject. Lord Salisbury remarked some time ago at the Guildhall that it is pigs who nowadays rule the political world. It has been a question of the transit of Roumanian swine that has caused the disagreements with the Vienna Cabinet, and a tariff war with regard to pigs is also bringing about some serious differences between Austria, Hungary, and Servia. It is with a full sense of his heavy responsibility that Count Kálnoky conducts the Austrian foreign policy. He has no easy task, surrounded as he is by small, ambitious, and turbulent States, and determined as he is that European peace shall be maintained, while at the same time Austrian honor shall be held high. He is a pronounced enemy of every form of political adventure, and his ambition is directed to preserving the well-being of his countrymen from the terrible devastations which would be entailed by war. He fully comprehends the difficulties with

which he has to deal, and he meets them fearlessly and strives to act in the sense laid down by Prince Bismarck when he founded the League of Peace. His policy is marked by a characteristic trait of moderation and self-control, which is combined with a strong sense of his own and his country's strength. With Kálnoky's appointment as imperial minister of foreign affairs, the probabilities of European peace have increased. This is his best and finest title to honor.

Such this Cisleithan State, such its perplexities, difficulties, dangers, troubles, and such the men chosen to solve its problems. What may be its fate in the near future no man can foretell. The untimely death of Prince Rudolph, beloved of all the various factions and nations, whom he had known how to conciliate more truly than Count Taaffe, was a heavy blow to its ultimate internal unity, which is maintained by respect for the dynasty, embodied for them in the person of the present emperor, but an embodiment they may fail to recognize in the distant relation who will now succeed him.

From The Contemporary Review.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING.

A LIFE of Mr. Robert Browning is a book which we can hardly open without misgivings. The difficulty and delicacy of writing such a work can hardly be rated too highly; and again, Mr. Browning has not been very fortunate in some of his biographical critics. Mr. Arnold makes Homer say to certain of his students, "You praise me too like barbarians;" and the professional admirers of Mr. Browning have often praised him in a jargon which wavers between the barbarous and the "precious." One or two examples are quoted in Mrs. Sutherland Orr's new book.* I hasten to add that all misgivings vanish after the reading of a chapter of Mrs. Sutherland Orr's. It is possible that we might have been glad to possess more of Mr. Browning's letters, but the unflinching good taste and good judgment of Mrs. Sutherland Orr beget such a confidence that we are assured she has given us just what we ought to receive — neither more nor less. Her affection and reverence for Mr. Browning's poems, and for his memory, never degenerate into

* The Life and Letters of Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1891.

engouement, and never blind her to those elements in his character which, in an ideally perfect nature, might have been absent. She is without the *lues Boswelliana*, a malady, to be sure, much more conspicuous in biographers much less accomplished than James Boswell. Her tact and taste seem to me to be infallible. Her picture of Mr. Browning is a perfect portrait; as far as one can judge, not fanciful, not niggled, not overloaded—at once affectionate and impartial. This is a wonderful relief after much exaggerated and grotesquely incompetent writing, by many hands, on the author of "Men and Women." To Mrs. Sutherland Orr he is a poet and a man; not a deity nor a sphinx. Perhaps the only sentence not quite clear in thought and expression is a sentence on the third page, where the epithets "racial" and "cultural" excite some little apprehension. But we hear no more of them. Thus, Mr. Browning, who had such good cause to pray to be delivered from his friends, in literature, has been most fortunate in a biographer who was a friend. Those who knew him only as a great number of persons in London knew him, feel now that they understand his character. Those who have endeavored to disengage his personality from his poems will learn just how far they may hopefully persevere in that delicate investigation. Certainly, the more we know him the more we honor and respect his dignity, his reticence, and the greatness of his nature.

Mrs. Sutherland Orr deals but little here in criticism, wisely, one ventures to think, and I shall endeavor to follow her example. There is little pleasure in criticising where one is not in full sympathy with the subject, and I must admit that this is my case in regard to a great proportion of Mr. Browning's labors. What I value in his poems is the *poetry*, the color, so to speak, the romance, the action; not the problems and puzzles, not, always, the style. As we are all born to be either Platonists or Aristotelians, so, as to the poetry of our time, we are born to be Browningites or Tennysonians. Our admiration of one need not exclude admiration of the other, but a preference we must have. Suavity, beauty, lucidity, music seem to me to be of the essence of poetry, and just so far as these are absent from Mr. Browning's work, so far with that work I am out of sympathy and deprived of the right to criticise. It would be waste labor for me to pretend to write about "Fifine at the Fair" and "Red Cotton Nightcap Coun-

try." The "transcript" of the "Agamemnon" is pain and grief to me; so grotesque does it seem, so alien to the dignity and majesty of Æschylus. Mr. Browning, we learn, used one eye, the right, for examining objects close at hand—a microscopic eye; with his left, a telescopic eye, he regarded objects at a distance. He seems to have read the "Agamemnon" with the wrong eye. That noble monument is remote from us; we see it through an atmospheric veil of the long receding centuries. Mr. Browning's microscopic vision discovers, or rather invents, coarsenesses, and crudities, and terrible oddities, which I cannot see in the Greek. He pored on life and character, in many of his later pieces, with the same eye—the left—and he wrote down the result of his observations at a length which may be dear to science, but certainly with a lack of clearness which is nothing less than scientific. The secret of his manner, where it is involved, harsh, and crabbed, is not, probably, very far to seek. It was part of his nature; he thought in that way, he wrote as he thought, and some even of his familiar letters are extremely hard reading. Take this letter to Mr. Fox, written when Mr. Browning, at the age of twenty-one, was publishing "Pauline."

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps by the aid of the subjoined initials and a little reflection, you may recollect an oddish sort of boy, who had the honor of being introduced to you at Hackney some years back—at that time a sayer of verse and a doer of it, and whose doings you had a little previously commended after a fashion—(whether in earnest or not, God knows): that individual it is who takes the liberty of addressing one whose slight commendation, then, was more thought of than all the gun drum and trumpet of praise would be now, and to submit to you a free-and-easy sort of thing which he wrote some months ago—"on one leg," and which comes out this week—having either heard or dreamed that you contribute to the *Westminster*.

Should it be found too insignificant for cutting up, I shall no less remain,

Dear sir,

Your most obedient servant,

R. B.

The man who wrote thus would naturally write "Sordello" as Mr. Browning wrote it. It was his way, a result of his temperament. His mind was involved and parenthetic; his expression was naturally and unaffectedly crabbed, not "musical as is Apollo's lute." All clear thought can be clearly stated; Mr. Browning's statements are often more obscure than *un beau page d'algèbre*. This was his defect; to

some it is particularly distasteful; others enjoy working out his problems, and even, as we know, suggest mysteries and hidden meanings where all is plain sailing. One has no right to quarrel with their taste. One man likes Homer, another likes Lycophron. I prefer Homer, and am most devoted to those of Mr. Browning's works which least remind one of struggles with the "Cassandra." But the two sets of lovers of poetry are not likely to convert each other. It is vain for one party to exclaim that poetry must have clearness, harmony, the magic of melodious words; that no amount of "thought" is an excuse for the absence of these. And it is useless for the other partisans to talk of a "Message," of a solution of "Life Problems." Nobody can solve them; we can only state them as they appear to each man in the light of his own temperament. But we ought to state them clearly, not in a whirl of parentheses, a dust of casual confusing illustrations. Fortunately, in Mr. Browning's poems there is ground where all lovers of poetry can meet; there are very many pieces full of color, of life, of romance. As to the others there is —

A fire that a few discern,
And a very few feel burn,
And the rest: they may live and learn.

"Lyrics, Romances, Men and Women" — the stout little brown volume, that is the book among Mr. Browning's books for one simple taste; that is enough for an enduring fame, and as for most of the later tomes, like a lady of old time, *on les prend en patience*. This is a mere preface, intended to show just how far the reviewer goes in his admiration for Mr. Browning's work, an admiration extremely ardent and grateful, not absolutely confined to the volume mentioned, but not capable of coping with "Sordello," nor "Fifine at the Fair," nor the "transcript" of the "Agamemnon." There is a strange and interesting poem in "Asolando" on the aspect of Italy as seen in youth and in age. A similar thought inspires Scott's "The Sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill." It will make my position, or rather my limitations more intelligible if I say that I vastly prefer Scott's way of stating his thought and his emotions; that his simple melancholy haunts the remembrance with his music as Mr. Browning's vigorous but esoteric lines can never haunt it, can never echo mournfully in the memory. But it may be that, in our love of verse, as in all else, we become fogeys, while we flatter ourselves that we are only classical. It is

not always easy to draw the line between the classic and the *perruque*. To take one other example from Mr. Browning himself: when he wrote "Artemis Prologuizes" his manner was classical, was poetic; when he again turned to the Greek, in the "Agamemnon," and in one or two later fragments, his manner had become barbaric, or at least eccentric. Such lines as —

I am a Goddess of the ambrosial courts,
And, save by Here, Queen of Pride, surpassed
By none whose temples whiten this the world,

are sonorous, stately, poetical.

Yet, ere she perished, blasted in a scroll,
The fame of him her swerving made not
swerve,

might have been written by the modern "mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies." Compare these with Mr. Browning's latest Greek grotesques, and "Tommy make room for your uncle us!" If there be a test and a criterion in poetry, Mr. Browning supplies it in his own case, and we appeal from Browning old to Browning in the *annus mirabilis* of his youth.

This is a kind of apologia for the circumstance that an admirer of Mr. Browning, who is not a Browningite, ventures to review his life. Mrs. Sutherland Orr begins by proving that Mr. Browning was neither a negro nor a Hebrew, nor both, by descent. Only people with the modern craze for heredity will interest themselves much in the matter. There have been many Jews of genius, and there has been one quadroom, the great Dumas, whom Mrs. Browning admired more than her husband did. But, for anything that we can gather out of Mrs. Sutherland Orr's book, Mr. Browning's pedigree was pure English. The name is English, the county of the Brownings is Dorsetshire, and, if we know little or nothing of the generations before Mr. Browning's grandfather, that is not unusual among the English middle classes. Mr. Browning's grandfather was energetic, but not amiable; his father was amiable, and a book collector; his mother was an ideal mother, and he inherited the amiability, the energy, and the love of literature. His childhood was, perhaps, more than commonly vivacious, and he was too clever for his competitors at his first school. May I venture to tell an anecdote not in the biography? Mr. Browning at a very early age was the school laureate. The boys acted a play, and Master Browning wrote and spoke the epilogue. In this

he referred to one of the masters, Mr. Ready : —

To Mr. Ready, next, our thanks are due,
He pointed out the way, and saw us through.

Mr. Ready preferred, contrary to metre,
his own reading : —

He gave us the ideas, and showed us what to do.

But when the moment of recitation in public came, Master Browning's instinct revolted against the doggerel, and he gave his own version, much to the vexation of the usher. For the rest, Mr. Browning's boyhood was like that of most vigorous boys who try to rhyme. His premature work, "Incondita," he destroyed, thinking, and correctly, that as long as we only lisp in numbers, the numbers are of no importance. At fourteen, the star of Shelley rose on Mr. Browning, and he easily acquired almost all the original editions. He became a precocious atheist; he took the malady of disbelief very young, and very mildly. He also made Shelley his hero, till some anecdote of unkindness to the first Mrs. Shelley caused him to alter his mind. Mr. Browning was the only man whom Mrs. Kemble ever knew "that behaved like a Christian to his wife." His unflinching affection, and the sacrifices of society which he made to Mrs. Browning's ill-health, are among his most admirable traits. His enthusiastic belief in her genius as far more inspired than his own, we cannot all share. Perhaps few literary people are so very mean as to be jealous of their wives' or of their husbands' success and talent. Mr. Browning, at all events, was at the opposite pole; indeed, we gather, and can readily believe, that he had no literary jealousy in his nature. A letter of his to the laureate has been published, though I do not find it here. That showed his love and esteem for the first of his contemporaries. If he ever expressed his opinions about others, such as Mr. Matthew Arnold, his criticisms are not given by Mrs. Sutherland Orr. One has a natural curiosity to learn how Mr. Arnold's beautiful poems affected Mr. Browning; but we know nothing of the matter. All this, however, is a digression from the change in Mr. Browning's opinion of Shelley as a man. If he changed, it was in obedience to his noble view of the duties of a husband, duties which few men, in the rather melancholy tale of literary domestic life, have discharged with such chivalrous tenderness and truth. But Mr. Browning, as Mr. Lockhart said, was not "like a d—d liter-

ary man;" above all, not like Shelley in his reckless pursuit of an embodied ideal. It is such empty work, judging and blaming men's conduct, that one is a little surprised to hear of Mr. Browning's taking any note of "chatter about Harriet." On the face of things it is plain that Shelley was reckless of the sorrows he caused to women.

Mr. Browning's education was private and desultory. To what extent he could claim the title of scholar, so recklessly given, one knows not, but he must have read much Greek, with more or less accuracy. In those years he made the friends whom he commemorates in "Waring," and in "May and Death," that brief and beautiful elegy. But the real name of Charles, with whom died

One half of spring's delightful things,
And for me the other too,

was Jim. One prefers Jim. Mr. Browning at once, in youth, made up his mind to be a poet, and his father, like Mr. Ready, "saw him through." This was being a father indeed. Literary history seems to show that, as a rule, a poet must have leisure, whether through possession of wealth or by accepting poverty as a bride. Burns is an exception; so, in one way, is Scott; but most of our great poets have been able to live for and in poetry. A man must have an extremely strong vocation before he can say "I will be a poet, and nothing else." Mr. Browning had the education, and his father had the wherewithal,

And the heart for to spend it,

like Larry McHale. The young bard began, in Théophile Gautier's fashion, by reading all through the dictionary — Dr. Johnson's. Then, at twenty-one, he wrote "Pauline."* The year also saw Mr. Tennyson's second volume of lyrics, and at this date Mr. Murray ceased to publish poetry. "Pauline" is written in poetical style, and, so far, but not in matter, shows traces of Shelley's influence. Perhaps the only poem of the laureate's marked by the same influence is "The Lover's Tale," also of 1833. The two pieces are somewhat alike in diction, though the manner of the authors travelled, later, so far apart. As to the matter of "Pauline," I confess to sharing the ideas of Pauline herself. "La concentration des idées est due bien plus à leur conception qu'à leur mise en execution. . . . J'ai tout lieu de craindre que la première de ces qualités ne soit

* Saunders & Otley. London: 1833.

encore étrangère à mon ami, et je doute fort qu'un redoublement de travail lui fasse acquérir la seconde."

I will sing on, fast as the fancies come
Rudely—the verse being as the mood it
paints,

says Pauline's lover, with perfect truth. The fancies come in a manner singularly mixed; the "singing," however, is not so "rude" as it afterwards became. A writer in *Tait's Magazine* called "Pauline" a "piece of pure bewilderment;" and, as the cook says in "Ravenshoe," "I don't wonder at it." This, Mrs. Sutherland Orr declares, is "the natural judgment of the Philistine." But who is "the Philistine?" If one loves all true poetry, from Homer to Paulus Silentarius, from the "Song of Roland" to Banville, from Chaucer to Swinburne, surely one has a right to say that "Pauline" is not, as far as one's own poor taste is concerned, a masterpiece. There are, indeed, many lines of exquisite fancy and deep pathos, but, as for the whole, what is it all about? Does the end justify the proceedings? That the author had the soul and fancy of a poet was plain, but the same qualities are even more conspicuous in "The Death Wake" of Thomas Tod Stoddart (1831). A critic of 1833, with "Pauline" and "The Death Wake" before him, might very well have given the prize for promise to the Scot. He would have been absolutely mistaken of course, but who could tell that the northern genius would die out in a few angling songs, while the Southron would conquer so many new worlds? Mr. Fox, of the *Monthly Repository*, "discovered" Mr. Browning. Nobody discovered Stoddart, and he did not persevere. He probably did not, like Mr. Browning, get "a bald but well-meant notice from the *Athenæum*." Bald but benevolent notices are welcome to the young minstrel.

In 1834 Mr. Browning visited Russia. In 1835-6 he published that fine romance, "Porphyria's Lover," and the characteristic "Johannes Agricola," in a magazine. He was now already the Browning whom even such admirers as are not absolutely disciples delight to honor. In 1835 he published "Paracelsus" with Mr. Effingham Wilson, who also published Nyren's "Cricketer's Tutor." The *Athenæum* may have been bald this time, but was not benevolent, and called "Paracelsus" "rubbish." As "Peau d'Ane" is *difficile à croire*, so "Paracelsus" is *difficile à lire*; but it is odd that any critic should have failed to recognize the book as a gal-

lant experiment in psychological poetry by a true poet. Mr. Browning was still diffuse; he still let a soul tell its own history at disproportionate length; but, in clearness, significance, and power, he had made a great advance on "Pauline." Mr. Forster recognized all this, and Mr. Browning became the intimate of many famous men, as Leigh Hunt, Landor, Dickens, Wordsworth, Monckton Milnes, and Macready. If they all believed in his poetry, the long general delay in recognizing him becomes the more inexplicable. The affair of Macready and "The Blot in the Scutcheon" has been sufficiently discussed. These disappointments, these personal bitternesses, are the lot of writers for the stage. Mr. Browning behaved with perfect frankness and honor in difficult but intelligible circumstances. The memory rankled, for there was a great deal of human nature in Mr. Browning; otherwise he might have been more of a stoic, but much less of a poet. In 1838 Mr. Browning visited Italy for the first time, meeting on the voyage with a dervish pirate manned by corpses. In 1840 he published "Sordello," again "the history of a poetic soul," again discomfiting the readers and lovers of the best pre-Browningite poetry. "Sordello" has frequently defeated me. I have never yet heard his story told; so it would be mere impertinence to criticise it. In deference to some criticism, the author had "condensed his language." Yet there is a great deal of it. Uncondensed, it might

Have stretched from here to Mesopotamy,
A thing imagination boggles at.

Next year gave us "Pippa Passes," which is clear, interesting, musical, and romantic. "Pippa" formed the first part of "Bells and Pomegranates," a collection which holds the flower and fruit of Mr. Browning's genius, and which shared the universal neglect of its predecessors. This may partly have been due to the eccentric, or at least unusual, form in which the poems were published. Lovers of poetry know them almost by heart, even when they are indifferent to "Sordello" and puzzled by "Pauline." In the gallery of "Men and Women" there is poetry enough, wisdom enough, dramatic energy enough, and humor enough to support the noblest reputation, and if the manner be occasionally odd, it is seldom odd beyond the limits allowed to the humorist.

The story of Mr. Browning's marriage is told briefly and with due reticence. It was not a marriage of which the lady's

father was likely to approve; it was not in nature that he should approve of it; but it was a marriage which justified itself. The most interesting event in the flight was that which Mrs. Sutherland Orr narrates thus:—

In the late afternoon or evening of September 19, Mrs. Browning, attended by her maid and her dog, stole away from her father's house. The family were at dinner, at which meal she was not in the habit of joining them; her sisters Henrietta and Arabel had been throughout in the secret of her attachment and in full sympathy with it; in the case of the servants, she was also sure of friendly connivance. There was no difficulty in her escape, but that created by the dog, which might be expected to bark its consciousness of the unusual situation. She took him into her confidence. She said: "O Flush, if you make a sound, I am lost." And Flush understood—as what good dog would not?—and crept after his mistress in silence. I do not remember where her husband joined her; we may be sure it was as near her home as possible. That night they took the boat to Havre, on their way to Paris.

Many a lover, however ardent, would have felt Flush to be rather a little nuisance than otherwise. We may hope that this dog, as famous in song as Geist, if not as Maida and Argus, continued to behave with discretion during the journey. But it is often hard to love the dogs of those whom we love. The marriage, which seemed predestined to make another in the sad pageant of wedded miseries, was completely successful. "Temper, spirits, manners—there is not a flaw anywhere," Mrs. Browning wrote. Her letters are very welcome. They exhibit her, not as a tearful, literary invalid, but as a woman who enjoyed life, who had no pedantry; who was a devoted mother, without ceasing to be a delightful companion. When an intellectual woman once has a nursery of her own, she usually becomes even more stringently domestic than the ordinary matron who ravages society with talk about her dear ones. But Mrs. Browning rose above this gin of the temper. A student who admits that, in the age of Mr. Howells, he still loves a story, takes comfort in finding that Mrs. Browning, like George Sand, was fond of Dumas and of the romancer's magic.

The Howells of this iron time
Has called his harmless art a crime.

Mr. Browning, as was to be expected, preferred Stendhal and Balzac, but much of Balzac's work is glorified *Family Herald*. Among Mrs. Browning's womanly and

pleasing letters is a description of George Sand, whom she visited. "Robert was very good and kind to let me go at all, after he found the sort of society rampant round her." Mr. Browning used to describe this society as too free and easy. Mrs. Browning found Madame Sand among her theatrical and communistic friends, much like Claverhouse in that revel of Hades: "so different, so apart, so alone in her melancholy disdain." Why did nature make that child of princes and opera girls a woman? George Sand was more of a man than any man of letters in her time, less of "a d—d literary fellow." "We always felt that we couldn't penetrate, couldn't really touch her—it was all in vain."

Mr. Browning wrote little poetry for three years after his marriage. Then he produced "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," a work which seems to disconcert some of his "advanced" admirers. Then came "Colombe's Birthday," which on the stage was a "*succès d'estime* and something more." Mr. Browning, like Hawthorne, did not like Rome. It was at Florence that Mr. and Mrs. Browning differed in opinion about Mr. D. D. Home and his marvels, which, in spite of a fair theologian, happened, or seemed to happen. Mr. Browning denied Mr. Home's good faith; Mrs. Browning believed in it. Thus the question was personal, rather than a mere problem in psychical research. Mr. Home may have been a medium; he was, pretty certainly, not a desirable kind of person. Mr. Browning did not like people to take "even an impartial interest" in the whole subject. It certainly brings inquirers into very dubious company. Mrs. Sutherland Orr tells the story of the sleeve-links, but not the story of the apparition of Mr. Horne. It is not my story, and as I cannot be certain that it could be told with the proprietor's permission, it must pass in a mere allusion. At this time (1855-58) Mr. Browning's works were absolutely neglected in England. In Boston they had "Browning evenings," as they have "Kipling evenings" now, for in literature Boston follows a lead very early and enthusiastically.

Mrs. Browning died on June 29, 1861, at Florence. Her husband's sorrow was what might have been expected, and it was always with him. This explains some verses of his last days, which may easily be forgiven, as their motive may easily be understood. Mr. Browning himself regretted them, between the time of their composition and their publication. To have deferred their publication for a week

would perhaps have ensured their withdrawal. Afterwards he said *quod scripsi, scripsi*. The affair was painful, but is hardly worth remembering, much less was it worth the gabble of comment poured forth by ignoble pens. Who can give an account of all his idle words? Mr. Fitzgerald's were idle, and practically meaningless; his editor overlooked them, as all editors may make slips. As for Mr. Browning, who can blame his anger, however much we may regret its expression?

In the interests of his son's education, Mr. Browning returned to hideous London. He did not seem to dislike it. He took refuge in work, and produced "The Ring and the Book," a "mammoth poem," full of beauties, but discursive to an undesirable degree. The more he showed himself in England, the more did readers awake to his poetical excellencies. His admirers were the young, and his old admirers rather resented the presence of new disciples. Disciples are trying people, but Mr. Browning suffered them gladly. His relation to the Browning Society was characteristic. The society meant to pay him a compliment; he took the compliment in a kindly way, and no doubt was not indifferent to the society's success in spreading his conquests further. A man of less humor, or of more, might have found this attitude impossible. But the society enjoyed itself, did not hurt Mr. Browning, and amused the profane. Mr. Browning now came to his own in the matter of honors. Oxford gave him, like Dr. Johnson, a master's degree; St. Andrews more than once offered him the lord rectorship, and her alumni regret that he did not accept the offer. The *Athenæum*, now quite benevolent and not at all bald, spoke of "The Ring and the Book" as "beyond all parallel the supremest poetic achievement of the time, and the most precious and profound spiritual treasure that England had produced since the days of Shakespeare." Thus, at least, Mrs. Sutherland Orr condenses the oracles. Of course, if the *Athenæum* were inspired, this would be very interesting. But after all, we may, if we like, prefer "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," or "Paradise Lost," or "The Excursion," to "The Ring and the Book." There is no final court of appeal in matters of poetic taste, and probably many of Mr. Browning's most sincere admirers like his "Men and Women" more than the diffuser excellences of "The Ring and the Book." The plan, if it be not profane to say so, is the plan of Mr. Wilkie Collins's novels, and

this leads to *longueurs*; in fact, there is no necessary end to it.

Of Mr. Browning's many later works, "Balaustion's Adventure" is the most classical; "Hervé Riel" is the most like the old Browning of the best years; and portions of "Asolando" have wonderful energy in addition to their melancholy interest. But the others, the difficult, crabbed little books, contain, perhaps, most of what his thorough partisans call his "message." If he had a message, it was a message of belief; a message, as Mrs. Sutherland Orr says, "most powerful when conveyed in its least explicit form." It was "the passionate affirmation of his poetic and human nature, not only of the goodness and beauty of life, but of its reality and its persistence." This man of genius was no whiner; no pessimist, no atheist. It is uncommonly easy to whine, and particularly "cultured." Mr. Browning, like his Rabelais, says *sursum corda!* Where, as matter of science, we know nothing, we can only utter the message of our temperament.

Of Mr. Browning in society very many people knew a little. Mrs. Sutherland Orr's remarks on this topic have all her usual justice of appreciation:—

We cannot doubt that the excited stream of talk which sometimes flowed from him was, in the given conditions of mind and imagination, due to a nervous impulse which he could not always restrain; and that the effusiveness of manner with which he greeted alike old friends and new arose also from a momentary want of self-possession. We may admit this the more readily that in both cases it was allied to real kindness of intention, above all in the latter, where the fear of seeming cold towards even a friend's friend strove increasingly with the defective memory for names and faces which were not quite familiar to him. He was also profoundly averse to the idea of posing as a man of superior gifts; having, indeed, in regard to social intercourse, as little of the fastidiousness of genius as of its bohemianism. He therefore made it a rule, from the moment he took his place as a celebrity in the London world, to exert himself for the amusement of his fellow-guests at a dinner-table, whether their own mental resources were great or small; and this gave rise to a frequent effort at conversation, which converted itself into a habit and ended by carrying him away. This at least was his own conviction in the matter. The loud voice, which so many persons must have learned to think habitual with him, bore also traces of this half unconscious nervous stimulation.*

* Miss Browning reminds me that loud speaking had become natural to him through the deafness of several of his intimate friends: Landor, Kirkup, Barry Corn-

It was natural to him in anger or excitement, but did not express his gentler or more equable states of feeling; and when he read to others on a subject which moved him, his utterance often subsided into a tremulous softness which left it scarcely audible.

He was a good man, kind, generous, honorable, dignified; and he was a great poet. He was courteous even to tedious and vain young men who sent him their verses. Few men, few poets, have had more strenuous individuality of character. This carried him out of the central current of poetic excellence too frequently; this has proved an attraction in late years, while it will be a drawback to his future fame.

As for Mrs. Sutherland Orr's book, I cannot leave it without again saying how heartily and gratefully I admire its exquisite and unflinching taste, dignity, and justice. Perhaps we may think that too much is made of stars and comets attending the deaths of the Brownings, as of Julius Cæsar. But that Mrs. Sutherland Orr should even mention these phenomena is agreeable to the student of survivals. How pleasantly the oldest half-beliefs endure, when all else suffers shock! Otherwise, the book is exactly what it ought to be, and a model of perfection in its kind. More may be told of Mr. Browning; we can hardly hope that it will be told so well.

ANDREW LANG.

From Temple Bar.

IFTAR IN A HAREM.

BY TASMA.

WHAT is iftar? my readers may ask. Iftar is Turkish for "breakfast," in the sense of breaking a fast; for, as regards the hour of the day at which it is taken, it would be better translated by the word "supper." During our stay in Constantinople in the month of April, at which season the delicious greens of sycamores, oaks, elms, and beeches mingle with the black foliage of the column-like cypresses and the lilac masses of the blossoming Judas-trees, and bring into brilliant relief the white palaces that line the shores of the Bosphorus, and the climbing terraces of red-roofed houses and beehive mosques behind them; during this same pleasant month of April, it was my good fortune to

wall, and previously his uncle Reuben, whose hearing had been impaired in early life by a blow from a cricket ball. This fact necessarily modifies my impression of the case, but does not quite destroy it.

be invited to share the iftar of the ladies of the harem of Djevdet Pasha, then minister of justice in Turkey.

The iftar in this case promised to be of unusual importance; for chance had willed that we should fall upon the fast of the Ramazan (nearly every visitor to Constantinople seems to chance upon a Ramazan, though it only occupies one month out of every lunar twelvemonth); and as every good Mussulman (and woman) abstains from food and drink during the Ramazan from sunrise to sunset, it might be supposed that the first breaking of the fast in the evening would mean a falling-to on the part of the ladies, with the full intention of making what the Americans call a "square meal."

Djevdet Pasha lives in a palace by the sea—that is to say, his residence upon the European shore of the Bosphorus, about midway between the Sea of Marmora and the Black Sea, is called in the Turkish language a *yali*, and the literal rendering of this word in English is "palace by the sea." But the term palace is almost as elastic in Turkey as that of villa in England, or château in France. A great, rambling, many-roomed abode, full of spacious, low-ceiled, barely furnished apartments, is the residence of the Turkish minister of justice, though what constitutes its claims to be considered a palace I cannot say. Such as it is, it is to be found at Bebek, one of the many villages that stretch away from Constantinople along the beautiful shores of the Bosphorus.

We drove there upon a delicious spring evening, between five and six o'clock by the European time. What it was by Turkish time I forget. The Turks alter their hour every day, taking sunset instead of midday as their point of departure, and altering their timepieces accordingly; and it requires an elaborate calculation to discover that you are invited six hours earlier by your own watch than the hour mentioned in the Turkish form of invitation. For my own part, I would far rather have gone by water; to glide in a *caïque* between Europe and Asia, with the waters of the Bosphorus throwing up diamond sparks from their shining blue depths, and the transparent air, full of light and perfume, playing around your head, while painted panoramas of palaces, mosques, minarets, cemeteries, and glorious gardens, all rising one behind the other to the high, clear sky, succeed each other swiftly before your gaze, is in itself an experience of the *dolce far niente* of the

most delightful description. It is true that it is as much as your life is worth to stir hand or foot in a *caïque*, and that a closer inspection of the gorgeous panorama would often disclose dirt and discomfort unspeakable. But this is by the way.

We did not go in a *caïque*, because the evening was supposed to be unusually breezy (I did not myself see a ripple upon the surface of the distant water), and we could not go in one of the ordinary steamers, because it would have been a too commonplace, and comfortably economical fashion of transporting ourselves into the presence of the pasha. We therefore resigned ourselves to the inevitable bumping and thumping that attend the unfortunate occupants of a carriage in the streets of Constantinople. Reinach compares them to the dried-up bed of a mountain torrent, and the comparison is such a true one that I can find no better. With the exception of the Grande Rue de Pera in the European quarter, and one or two streets along which the antiquated trams take their course, all the rest of the streets are like mountain-paths, into which irregular blocks and stones of all sizes and shapes have been tumbled, beaten, and hammered. Some of the streets are mere flights of broken-up steps, cruel to walk upon. Into most it is difficult, and into a great many it is quite impossible, for a carriage to enter. Brilliantly dressed ladies emerge from them in sedan-chairs, and hawkers in tattered turbans pass howling and shouting along with their load of vegetables, fish, carpets, and Oriental stuffs; the dogs fight and mate and litter in multitudes, according to their own sweet wills, and the *hamals*, or street-porters, go doubled up past your windows, carrying one a bed, another a piano, another the contents of an ordinary furniture-van upon his single back unaided. It is necessary to come to Constantinople to see to what an extent man can be utilized as a beast of burden. It will be believed that nothing but the glimpses of such a shining landscape, all color and glitter, as one obtains from the heights of Pera, could divert the mind from dwelling upon the penitential exercise of a drive under these conditions. Ours lasted at least an hour and a half. But upon descending towards the palace of Dolma-Bagtsché, where the unhappy Abdul Aziz became (as *Punch* flippantly put it) "*Abdul as was*," we found the macadamized road a great improvement upon the streets. And now the objects of interest were various.

First there were the gates of the palace of Dolma-Bagtsché, unjustly compared to Brobdingnagian pieces of confectionery, they *look* like white marble, constructed originally after the fashion of the Italian Renaissance, but worked up by an architect with a frenzied recollection of Rococo and Indian and Chinese ornamentation, all jumbled together in a kind of incoherent medley in his brain. The result, to reverse the proverb, is rather gaudy than neat; and the decorative effect is further intensified by plentiful gilding; and yet there is nothing that offends the canons of taste in these huge portals—ordinary rules cannot be applied to them. A gay piece of fancy architecture, gorgeously and lavishly overlaid, and bewreathed and begarlanded—that is the entrance to the palace of Dolma-Bagtsché. As we mount the opposite hill, the palace of the sultan, with its attendant mosque, set round with minarets like candles round a cake, softly gleaming under the evening sky, sets us thinking of the mystery that "hedges round" the life of the haunted monarch within. Chapters might be written about the existence of Abdul Hamid, whom we had seen the same day (the only day upon which he leaves his palace) on his way to the mosque with the inscrutable look, partly that of a hunted animal, partly that of mere ennui, in his half-closed, coal-black eyes. Our friend-guide tells us curious tales, in a lowered voice, of the terrors of the self-imprisoned monarch himself a terror (as all autocratic sovereigns must be) to all around him, who yet finds a childish pleasure in constructing kiosk after kiosk, and entering into the smallest details about doors and windows like a self-enriched cockney who builds himself a little "house upon the Thames."

As we pass through the villages, the purgatorial paving meets us again. We are now skirting the Bosphorus, and so close to the water's edge are we, that I almost expect every fresh tremendous bump to tilt us over into the water. Most of the houses and shops are of the casual Oriental description; in some instances little more than sheds or tents, where one of the chronic conflagrations has destroyed some score or so of the buildings; in others tall, wooden tenements (I believe "tenements" is the word generally employed in connection with wooden), in which the upper stories project over the under ones in successive tiers, held up in most cases by wooden supports. Every kind of out-at-elbow costume—the Greek, the Albanian, the Turkish, the Egyptian, the Arab—

minge their reds and greens and deep yellows in a picturesque blending of brilliant rags. A hundred studies for a Benjamin Constant meet the eye at every turn. The Turkish soldiers swarm in all directions, and the women, in the inevitable disguise of mantle, or *fêrêdjé*, and veil, pass unheeded through the throng.

Pack-horses and mules laden with stones and bricks, following each other in long, dusty columns, obstruct the road. The most *soigné* individuals in the moving multitude are the rare eunuchs, lounging like Oriental "John Thomases" outside their masters' palace gates. They are invariably dressed in frock-coats, worthy of a prime minister's wardrobe, masher trousers of the very latest Bond Street cut, and irreproachable tarbooshes. They are very ugly, with the countenances for the most part of beardless black baboons. But their mission is none the less to be ornamental rather than useful, and we know that beauty only exists from a subjective point of view, in any case.

And now we have reached Bebek, and we find ourselves on mythologic ground. Hard by, the Argonauts drew their legendary barque ashore, and overhead are the ruins of a temple of Diana. For my own part, I am more occupied in watching what appears to me in the evening light to be a fearful evidence of the rule of the unspeakable Turk than in recalling my early lessons in mythology. Surely those are impaled Turks I see before my horrified eyes, stuck upon long poles rising out of the water. Groundless alarm! Those motionless figures are only fishermen perched like night-birds upon a dead branch. They are watching for the advent of the fish, plainly visible to the naked eye through the crystal depths. When a shoal passes by, they will give the signal, and their companions nearer shore will haul in the nets and capture the contents.

And now our carriage draws up before the wide-open door of a great white building almost upon the brink of the Bosphorus. Two men-attendants in red fez assist us to dismount. We are in a kind of large covered entrance, half courtyard, half hall. We are led up a wide staircase overlaid with matting. All is bare and clean, calling to mind the entrance to a hospital ward in England. At the top of the staircase we are ushered into an immense room, likewise very bare of furniture. There are divans against the wall. There is matting all over the floor. Small Turkish carpets are laid in front of each divan. The only piece of furniture is a very indifferent

wardrobe or kitchen cupboard. To European eyes accustomed to rooms and walls "chock-full," as schoolboys say, of every conceivable article of every conceivable design, the aspect of this vast bare room is rather chilling. But, on the other hand, what a glorious prospect from the wide windows at each extremity! From the front ones, the Bosphorus, with its robe of royal blue; the mighty steamers from the Black Sea to the Sea of Marmora steaming up and down it, the graceful ships, the fairy *caïques*, the boats and barges sliding and gliding over its glassy surface; the opposite Asiatic shore a mass of spring foliage; the white palace of Beyler-Bey reflected in the waters; the dull reds and greys of the wooden villages giving warm touches of color to the beautiful picture. From the back windows, a real English garden, all green lawns, flower-beds, chestnut-trees in full blossom; elms with quivering young leaves, transparently bright and light, against the black stems; heaps of roses, a covered archway festooned with westeria in full bloom. And this garden is not spread primly out upon level ground. It climbs up an abrupt hill until it is lost in a forest towering immediately above it.

While we are admiring it with all our eyes, as the French express it, Djevdet Pasha himself, a courtly little, old, grey-bearded man, in European costume with a red fez, enters the room. We are introduced by our friend. But Djevdet Pasha cannot speak any language but his own, and the most we have achieved in Turkish ourselves is the repeating of "yok, yok," an energetic form of negation, upon the many occasions when we are pestered by street-hawkers and beggars. But "yok, yok" is not suited to the present occasion, and "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" do not suffice for an evening's conversation.

Luckily our friend speaks Turkish, and after a little exchange of compliments the old pasha gives me his arm, my husband following, and we descend to the garden, there to await the firing of the cannon which signifies to the faithful that their fast for that day is over. It is a pious exercise to fall to as speedily as possible after this signal—and one of the rare occasions upon which piety and inclination are completely at unison. In the garden we are joined by the pasha's grown-up son, a kindly-looking, fair-complexioned young man, with intelligent eyes and a somewhat insignificant jaw, partly concealed by a light beard and moustache. He would have looked better had he not

worn a suit of clothes egregiously suggestive of a travelling "Arry," of the "gents' ready-made clothing" description, in bright grey checks, such as may be seen outside any Jew clothier's in the City. I am sure he was convinced of its entire appropriateness to the occasion; but his neat red fez seemed to me the only saving clause in his general "get-up."

Sons do not inherit the paternal name in Turkey. I cannot bethink myself of the name of Djedvet *fil*s, but his kind reception of us I shall long remember. He understands French, though he does not speak it; takes a great interest in amateur photography and gardening, and placed his "Oui, madame," and his "Non, madame," with full understanding to all the questions I "made bold" to address him. He took us round the garden and the farm. In the former, as I have said, there was a wealth of shrubs and flowers; there was even a plantation of eucalyptus-trees, the familiar blue-gum of Australia; but I doubt whether they will thrive in Turkey. In the latter there was the pleasant aroma of well-kept barns and stables. The cows, with their separate racks and mangers, standing upon sweet, clean straw, and the horses, Russian in some instances, Arabian in others, standing well groomed each in his stall in a really noble stable of stone and brick. The Turks are very kind to all animals — witness the troops of dogs that manage to exist in the very poorest quarters of Stamboul. Djedvet Pasha had given a thousand pounds for a couple of Arabian sires. I am sorry they were not visible that day. Djedvet *fil*s offered me a ride, and, as I unwittingly accepted the offer, he ordered two tiny ponies, black as jet, to be driven down from the field in which they were grazing on the heights above. In lieu of saddle, a bright piece of carpet was strapped upon the back of each tiny animal, and our host explained to me as well as he could do so in pantomime, that *hanoums* (meaning ladies) in Turkey habitually rode *à califourchon*. As I did not care to emulate the charming Maid of the Mill in Walter Scott's tale, under the eyes of my Turkish hosts, I allowed the ponies to be driven off unmounted.

The nightingales (it seems more fitting to call them the bulbuls in this connection) were already clearing their throats in preparation for the long-drawn note for which they are famous, when the sinking sun gave warning that it was time for every good Mussulman to be indoors and at table, in readiness for the signal to begin

his breakfast, lunch, dinner, or supper, by whatever name it may seem most appropriate to call this first meal allowed him during the day. Djedvet Pasha led me to the separate wing of the palace, forming an entirely separate establishment, given over to the sole use and occupation of his womenkind or harem. My heart beat a little faster as I approached the closed door leading into these mysterious precincts, and found myself taken charge of by a Greek governess in ordinary European dress who led the way.

But arrived in the harem itself, I may confess at once that my first sensation was one of keen disappointment. My imagination had pictured a kind of enchanted atmosphere of perfumes, jewels, and broideries. I had thought to see odalisques lounging upon silken cushions, fanned by barbaric slaves, reposing against a background as like Liberty's Oriental exhibition-rooms as possible. In reality, I saw nothing of the kind. Djedvet Pasha's harem, I regret to say — or, rather, I don't regret to say — is too virtuous by half. The ladies, as I afterwards discovered, are mainly composed of his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts.

The Turks of to-day seldom have more than one wife *en titre*; but they are very patriarchs in the protection they afford to all their female relatives. But I did not find out all this at once, and my first impression was that in the multiplicity of spouses who surrounded me it was a pity there was not a greater proportion of beautiful — and I must add of tidy — Mrs. Djedvet Pashas. The room in which I found myself was very like its counterpart in the *semanlik*, or men's quarter of the establishment — that is to say, it was immense and it was bare. It was furnished with matting laid over its whole extent, and with long divans covered with striped satin set against the walls. The ceiling — not a high one — was brightly painted with wreaths, and the walls were covered with a common grey paper. The first to greet me, in broken French, was the pasha's daughter, married to one of the sultan's aides-de-camp — one of those who have the proud privilege of running full tilt after his Majesty's carriage as it drives back from the mosque on Friday, the Turkish Sunday. She is three-and-twenty (as she told me), suspiciously "fair," with wide-open, pretty, childish eyes, a handsome silk dress "pitchforked on," untidy brown hair, and a "floppy" little figure, without make or shape. Thanks to her, I get at a comprehension

of the *raison d'être* of all the other inmates. The stout, shapeless, smiling lady "of a certain age" on the opposite divan, with a loose Arab robe of gorgeous gold-embroidered blue silk, that cannot be kept on anyhow, and a gold spangled head-dress half toque, half turban, that *does* stick on for a wonder, is Djevdet Pasha's wife. She cannot speak anything but Turkish, so we exchange *des sourires de commande* whenever our eyes happen to meet.

My attention is next attracted to a phenomenally fat young woman, whose charms are all swallowed up in superabundant flesh. She wears a French dress and jacket of the fashion of a few years back, and has a most self-complacent smile. It is evident that, in common with the rest of her sex in Turkey, her ample person has never been "cribbed, cabined, or confined" in anything approaching corsets. However, I am interested in her, because my friend, the pasha's daughter, tells me she was bought as a slave in Circassia. But the pasha's son — the young man in the "Arry" suit — has made her his wife, and she is free, in the Turkish sense of the word. I fancy I can detect a little inflexion of disdain in the tone in which my informant tells me of these antecedents of her sister-in-law, or perhaps she is jealous because Mrs. Djevdet Pasha *filis* has a son and heir of some nine or ten years of age running about the room, whereas she herself has only two little girls, who climb at intervals on to the divan.

There is not time to hear the history of the various other occupants of the harem to the number of nine or ten, the "cousins and the aunts" of the pasha, for the cannon sounds, and immediately after we file into an adjoining room — a very bare one this — and all take our seats at a round table laid somewhat after the following fashion. A plate of broth before each guest; in the middle, a big red tray, containing tumblers of water and syrup, and small plates filled with sweets, caviare, sardines — all kinds of *hors d'œuvre* in fact, which are plentifully patronized. I am seated next to the pasha's daughter. A promiscuous rout of servants and slaves wait upon us. Some are white — some are very, very black. The latter wear the most elementary of colored chemises or night-dresses, caught round the waist with a string. After the soup, comes a huge platter of little bits of roasted mutton. In deference to my prejudices, I am helped upon a separate plate, though I had come

prepared to act upon the principle of a whimsical old friend of my childish days, whose paraphrasing of "A la guerre comme à la guerre" was, "In Turkey do as the turkeys do."

I am bound to state that separate plates are likewise set before the ladies of the harem. But this is the merest matter of form. By common consent all the forks are dipped simultaneously into the central dish, and bits are propped out and conveyed to the lips without any unnecessary delay. Sometimes the good old maxim that fingers were made before forks is acted upon. I am not sorry now that my prejudices have been respected. The mutton being cleared away, another great central dish of eggs and onions succeeds. The same scene as before is enacted. And now comes a sweet dish of Turkish pastry — the greasiest, flakiest, lightest, sweetest, most surfeiting pastry in the world. Then follow artichokes stuffed with mincemeat, which are soon made real mincemeat of by the crowd of forks and fingers. More pastry — meaty this time — and then a very curious dish, which is attacked by a dozen spoons at one and the same time, that promptly return to the attack after leaving the lips to which they have been directed in the interim. Once more I cannot find it in my heart to regret that my prejudices have led to my being helped upon a plate to myself. This much esteemed dish is a kind of pap, with an unpronounceable Turkish name, spelt *cavouk-guessu*; it consists of chickens' breasts boiled down with milk until the whole is reduced to a kind of sweet pulp, very filling and cloying. The pap is succeeded by a kind of jelly, strongly impregnated with essence of rose. Then comes a huge dish of lamb, and as a final and crowning triumph a huge platter of pilaf, with the rice boiled as it ought to be for curry — in separate grains, and properly greased, browned, and gravied. Even the hunger engendered by a conscientious adherence to the Ramazan has its limits. After oranges had been distributed to the company all round, the ladies of the harem repaired to the adjoining room. The servants and slaves flocked into an adjoining apartment, where they and the children took *their* iftar with less of forks and more of fingers than their mistresses; and I sipped my Turkish coffee, and lighted my Turkish cigarette under the direct protection of my friend the pasha's daughter.

Her conversation enlightened me upon many points, though in the first place I had to submit to a very direct interroga-

tory. How old was I? and how old was my husband? What did he do in his own country? and where was it? Had I ever seen Sara Bernhardt? etc., etc.

After these questions had been satisfactorily answered, I was informed that a Turkish "effendi" rarely married more than one wife. He was not *consideré* when he did so. If the speaker's own husband were to attempt such a thing she would leave him at once. But polygamy was allowed. It could not be gainsaid that the sultan had several wives, but they did not count. Only one counted. No! Turkish ladies were not so shut up as one supposed. They went out driving and shopping when they pleased. It was very amusing to spend a day at the bazaars. It was true wives in Turkey could not go out driving and walking with their husbands, or even be seen in their company. It was against Turkish etiquette; it would be "shocking," in fact. Nor did they ever share a husband's meals, nor show themselves in the part of the house he inhabited, nor ever, by any chance, see or encounter any one of his friends, nor any gentleman whatsoever, nor go to the theatre, nor spend the evening out, nor travel. It was against the law for a Turkish woman to leave the country; it would not be allowed. Still, these trifling exceptions apart, Turkish ladies had plenty of liberty. They could visit each other, and *shop* (my friend laid great stress upon this point) when they chose. Their husbands were obliged to provide for them entirely, and to satisfy all their caprices. They could not be asked to do a hand's turn for themselves—not even to nurse their own babies. In short, I think the pasha's daughter was of opinion that all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds, signifying as a matter of course the Ottoman world alone.

Our conversation was interrupted by a summons to the evening prayer. During the fast of the Ramazan every Turkish householder of distinction shelters a priest of Moslem under his roof besides keeping open house for all Mahomedans, high and low, rich and poor, known and unknown, who may choose to present themselves for the iftar. Our host, the minister of justice, spends some hundreds of pounds during the month of Ramazan in keeping up this traditional hospitality. The ceremony of the prayer on this occasion was singularly impressive. To witness it we descended a wide staircase, at the foot of which was another long, bare, spacious apartment, the low ceiling supported by

pillars. It was dimly lighted from above by sparsely hung lamps.

About thirty or forty women, in their house attire, but wearing the long white veil draped round the head, face, and shoulders, wives, daughters, sisters, servants, slaves, and children—white, brown, bronzed, and black—were ranged in kneeling rows, their foreheads touching the ground, their attitude the embodiment of self-abasement, in presence of the one indivisible God they adore. In the dim light these prostrate heaps, shrouded in their white veils, looked ghostly enough. The whole scene was mute and silent as a dream. Only at intervals, from behind a screen, the voice of the priest broke the stillness, and proclaimed, in a weird, nasal, monotonous chant, that Allah was the one and only God. Sometimes the veiled figures rose to their feet with one accord—Eastern women are very supple, if they are very fat—then as the name of Allah fell upon their ears, they flung themselves down in the same uniform manner, and rocking themselves to and fro, after the manner of worshippers in a mosque, laid their faces in the dust. My friend, the pasha's daughter, was good enough to sit upon the staircase by my side and act as chorus instead of joining in the performance. After she had explained that "Moïse," and "Jésu-Christ," and "Mahomet," were all acknowledged by her faith to have been divinely inspired, but not divinely born, she proceeded to expound the Mahomedan theory of Paradise.

"But"—I interrupted her—"I have been told that there is no Paradise for the souls of Mahomedan women. Your husbands are to have houris to console them for your loss." It did one good to see the scorn of the pasha's daughter at this suggestion. She imparted it in Turkish to the blandly smiling Mrs. Djevdet Pasha, and the pair laughed until the blue robe of the latter slipped off her broad shoulders for the twentieth time. When they had done laughing, they informed me that there was no greater mistake than to suppose that Mahomet excluded women from Paradise. That his own daughter, Fatma, had been the great expounder of the Koran, which was written to guide women to Paradise by the same path as the one the men were to follow. That *their* husbands had better just go in search of the houris! Only let them try! Their wives would soon be even with them; for were there not gilman—men—angels—beautiful as the archangels themselves, and was not (only the pasha's daughter did not put it in this form)—was

not sauce for the goose sauce for the gander as well?

I humbly confessed my ignorance of the personality of the gilman; and, the prayer being over, we ascended to the upper regions, where the pasha's daughter treated me to a specimen of Turkish, or rather Arabic, music. Seated cross-legged on the ground she "twanged the light guitar," only instead of a guitar it was an instrument called, I think, the *oudé*, which very much resembled a banjo. There was neither beginning nor end to the air. It entered without any preliminary into a monotonous variation, more like that of weak bagpipes or the trumpeting of a band of expectant mosquitoes than anything I can think of. By and by she sang an accompaniment; but the song was of a piece with the

music—a ceaseless repetition of the same nasal droning, in which there was nevertheless something insistent and plaintive. One of the ladies of the harem was affected almost to tears by the performance, which, to tell the truth, I had taken for the tuning-up in the first instance. But it seemed that the words were very pathetic, and that the piece had been composed as a kind of funeral wail in honor of a girl-bride (a cousin of the pasha's) who had died the preceding year.

And here I will bring my description of the Turkish harem to a close. The dirge that echoed in my ears as I took my departure is a fitting emblem of the present condition of Turkey, where all things seem to tend to dissolution and decay.

THROUGH THE ARCTIC SEAS TO SIBERIA. — The correspondent of the *Times*, who last year described the efforts that were being made to open up commercial communications by way of the Arctic Seas between this country and the heart of Siberia, is able to announce that those efforts have at length been crowned with success. Even while he wrote, valuable cargoes which were in London at the end of July were being landed and warehoused at Yeniseisk, fifteen hundred miles up the Yenisei. Towards the end of October cargoes which left Yeniseisk three months before were safe in the London docks. Hitherto Siberia has been sealed against the chief products of Western industry. All at once they are delivered straight from the port of London, with only one transshipment on the way, to the quays of an emporium in central Siberia. This will not astonish those who have followed the courageous and persistent explorations conducted by Captain Wiggins during a series of years by means of his own resources and the resources of men who believed in him. Of course, the Kara Sea is not passable at all seasons of the year. Siberia-bound vessels must sail from British ports not later than the end of the first week in August in order to reach the mouth of the Yenisei in time to make the homeward voyage the same season. The next difficulty was not so easily surmounted. The estuary of the Yenisei is one hundred and sixty miles in length. It is so broad that the small craft of the upper reaches of the river dare not brave the north-easterly gales by which it is swept; yet so studded is it with small islands, so imperfectly is its channel laid down in the charts, and so scanty was the explorers' knowledge as to its depth, that they, on their side, did not venture to navigate it with vessels of considerable

draught. The riverine craft waited at the head of the estuary, and the merchantman that had come from England waited at its mouth, each leaving to the other the disagreeable duty of traversing the estuary. The result was that they never met. But this difficulty has been removed by fuller knowledge. The estuary proves to be navigable for ships of any draught right up to Karaoul, the port which serves as the terminus for the river steamers. Thus British merchant vessels sailed nearly two hundred miles up the mouth of a Siberian river, exchanged cargoes with a flotilla from the upper reaches of the river, and sailed home again. The expedition took thirty-nine days to reach Karaoul, remained there nineteen, and took twenty-six to return. It was absent from the London docks for only eighty-four days.

MOLTKE'S MEMOIRS. — The literary executors of Moltke have not lost much time. His memoirs are already being prepared for publication, and we are promised the first instalment in October next. As yet, we believe, no arrangements have been made for the issue of an English edition. The materials for the memoirs, which were to some extent arranged by Count von Moltke himself, consist of letters—including his early love-letters and other private correspondence of interest, despatches, and essays on various subjects—the whole covering the period from 1838 to the time of the marshal's death. Although the memoirs are not likely to contain anything of a startling nature, we are informed by those who have had an opportunity of seeing the MSS. that there is very interesting matter in them. Daily Chronicle.